

# BOSTON RECORDER.

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## MISCELLANY.

From the Christian Spectator.  
THE PENSIONER.

A few years since, for the restoration of my health, I resolved to visit the waters of Lake George, and the country adjacent. This section of country is well known; for independently of its neighborhood to the Fort and battle-grounds of the Revolutionary struggle, its scenes, in themselves, are objects of great interest. The passing stranger can scarcely refrain from feeling very sublime emotions, as he rambles over the grounds, and surveys the ruins of the old Fort, now almost gone to decay. He cannot well refrain, if he possess a tolerable share of imagination, from calling to his mind the heroes, and struggles of other times. He will fancy he can almost hear the savage yell, and see uplifted the murderous tomahawk;—can almost hear the roar of thundering cannon, and see fall the groups of the dying. But grand, awful, and interesting as may be the emotions, which imagination and recollection awaken, while recalling the deeds of days gone by; they can scarcely transcend those, which he feels, while he surveys the sublime scenes opened to his view, in every direction around Lake George. The beautiful transparency of the waters, and the grandeur of the neighboring mountains, which seem to rise out of the very waves, and by which they are pent up in one vast reservoir, produce in the mind of him, who looks to contemplate nature in her noblest, and richest apparel, a state of the most interesting, and delicious feeling. What traveller has past this way, and did not feel himself transported at the sight of Rogers' Rock, stretching its proud summit to the sky. Often does the stranger, as he is gliding swiftly in his boat down the Lake, when he comes in full view of this rock, request the watermen to rest on their oars that he may contemplate its sublimity in silence. I can distinctly recollect my emotions when I first saw it. I had heard its story, and the circumstances which gave name to it, and I could almost see the bold Rogers, and his daring followers, descending its steep and then icy declivity, with the rapidity of lightning, and the astonished and blood-thirsty savages, shouting above on its bleak summit, and looking down with the keenest vexation upon those who so late had been their prisoners, and who were to have been burnt alive on that very summit, whence none but themselves would have dared to descend. It was such scenes that I intended to make my study, and delight, as I left home, and in two days arrived at the borders of the Lake.

If any of my readers have passed from one end of this Lake to the other, they may have observed on the eastern shore, about ten or eleven miles from the outlet, a little cottage. It stands at the bottom of a narrow glen, a few rods distant from the water's edge. A little cove puts up from the Lake, between the rugged mountain on one side, and the southern skirt of the glen on the other. The clouds in a lowering day are always seen to rest on the summit of the mountains, which arise on each side of the ravine, which stretches off to the east of the cottage. Half way up these heights the eagle builds her nest, without fear of molestation, and seems to look down from her conscious elevation in defiance of man below. The white washed cottage, and the swelling mountains have a pleasing and imposing effect, when viewed from the water. It was here, one evening, I requested the boatmen to land me, as I was returning from the excursions of the day.

There are seasons in the life of almost every man, when he needs the formality of an introduction to a stranger to enable him to commence acquaintance. The mind is in such a state of buoyancy, and good feeling, that we feel every stranger, whom we meet to be an acquaintance, and every human being our brother. Such were my feelings, as I walked leisurely forward towards an elderly, and venerable looking man, who sat beside his humble dwelling, enjoying the calm pleasures of the evening. After the usual salutation of strangers he invited me to take a seat beside him. I soon found that I had introduced myself to a plain, open-hearted, but poor man, upon whose head probably sixty winters had shed their snows. His countenance was intelligent, though there was an expression of sorrow upon it. He seemed to possess an intellect, endowed with good sense, of a sober, meditative cast. He portrayed in lively colors the beauties of the scenery around him, which showed that he had not yet become insensible to the charms of nature by the lapse of years. He adverted also to the fast approaching hour, when he should no longer be animated by these scenes. "Stranger," said he, with kindness, and emphasis, see you that setting sun, though it may set to-night in darkness, yet it will rise again to-morrow, and rise perhaps in the brighter glory. But soon my sun will set, and rise no more." It may rise, said I, in eternity.

That poor Pensioner, for such I learned he was, said, and I could see the tear standing in his eye, as with a worthy hospitality he invited me to accept of his cottage for the night. I could not accept of the invitation, but promised to call on the following morning. I then took my leave of him, and as we glided swiftly down the Lake, I was in my mind the adventures of the evening. Early on the following morning, I left my lodgings to visit the Pensioner's cottage. The old man was waiting to receive me; and did receive me with the cordiality of an older acquaintance. I sat in the cottage of this poor, but worthy man, who was so comfortable and happy; for at best his health was not good, and he appeared to be sinking to the grave, under the accumulated weight of infirmity and age. Though he seemed to possess an imagination, which could soar above the mountains, and beyond them; yet he appeared like one who was shut out from the bustle and perturbation of the world, and with few regrets could be parted with it forever. There was, however, in the love of one tender object, which attached him to life. Nothing would exceed the filial affection of his lovely daughter, over whom the fond old man had devoted, for seventeen years. Her mother had died in her infancy, and to the bereaved father had been left the sole care, and superintendence of the education of his infant child. His children had been snatched away, one after another, and it was not a wonder that the affectionate father had taken so firm a hold of his daughter, since she was all that now remained of a once numerous family. The war of the Revolution gave me a minute history of his life, and of his most interesting adventures in the service of his country. He had been advanced to the rank of a major, and placed near the body of his general, and had served in many daring, and hazardous expeditions. He had cultivated the fields of agriculture, while he had been able to labor, and he had gleaned a scanty though comfortable support. In one corner of his little

children. "My sweet Jane," said the old man, with tears, "is the very image of her mother, whom I laid here almost seventeen years ago. She has the same temper, and manifests the same assiduity to make me happy. She knows little of the mother she has lost; though often, as she has sat on my knee in her childhood, has she wept, when I told her the story of her mother. I used often to tell her of the virtues of her mother, but she and myself were bereft, that I might, if possible, form her mind upon the same model; for it was that very mother who taught me, that to be conversant with virtue, is in a measure, to become virtuous ourselves." And was your daughter always assiduous to promote your welfare as now? "No, she was not always so. Though she possessed an amiable temper, yet she used sometimes to manifest the waywardness of youth. Never shall I forget the prayers of my poor, dying wife, that her infant child might be spared in mercy to its father, and be to me all that she would have been, had her life been prolonged. Never shall I forget her last petition for her little offspring, as she pressed it to her expiring bosom, for the last time, and then holding it in her feeble arms, she said, 'Blessed Saviour! I beseech thee to be the God of my child, as thou hast been my God—to sanctify its heart as I hope thou hast sanctified mine. I know thou art able to save it. I dedicate my child to thee. I leave it in thy arms. Thou wilt not suffer it to perish from thy own arms. Thou wilt remember thy ancient covenant, and promise. I give my child to thee. Blessed Saviour! accept my humble offering.'—Her voice failed. These were her last words;—she soon expired. Oh! Mr. E. you know not how good a woman my wife was. I have often heard her in the thicket just by us, or yonder, where once stood a little hovel, earnestly engaged in prayer for me. If any are Christians, I have no doubt she was one. And my beloved Jane was not so like her mother as she is now, till two years ago, when a missionary called here, two or three times, and gave her that little Bible you saw standing upon her shelf. For a time I wished my daughter had never seen the missionary, she was so unhappy. She could do nothing but read her Bible, and weep. But after a time her mourning was turned to joy, and she has been ever since beseeching me to be a Christian. She is just what her mother used to be, and often have I heard her praying for me, in the same manner and place as her mother used to pray. I was once a disbeliever in the Christian religion—tho't it all to be the device of man—and for a long time after I married my wife, I thought she was a visionary, under the influence of a heated imagination. But upon a candid, and impartial examination of her feelings, and conduct, I was fully convinced that they sprang from pure, and steady principles, of which I had no experience. To witness, as I do daily, how religion influences all the conduct of my Jane, and makes her happy under all circumstances, serves to make me believe how blissful is the lot of those who possess it." He drew a deep sigh, and would have proceeded; for I perceived he was interested in the subject. But the approach of a boat to the shore drew our attention, and we walked forward to meet it. It conveyed a small party of youth, who had called to pay their compliments to the Pensioner, and his daughter. As the day was far spent, I took my leave of the whole party, not without leaving a promise, that I would call frequently. I had become but little acquainted with that lovely daughter, on whom the old man leaned for support. There was something so retiring about her, and yet so winning, so simple, and yet so elegant, so humble, and yet so exalted, that I could not but admire character made up of such contrasted qualities. I had learned enough to know that she was intelligent, without ostentation; and modest, without awkwardness. There was something in the character of the old man which I did not understand. He was frank, and generous, but he seemed not to admit me to the deepest feelings of his bosom. He was cheerful, but he was not happy. Something seemed to lie with weight upon his mind.

With almost the dawn of the first fair day, I betook myself to my boat, intending to take the cottage by surprise, and sit down with them to their cheerful breakfast. The sun had risen, and was beginning to pour down his cheering beams along the ravine, between the high mountains, when I arrived at the glen. All was still, except the far-off, whistling watermen, who were urging their boats in various directions over the clear, blue lake, and I saw no living creature around the cottage, except the large Newfoundland mastiff, which lay by the door. As I approached the dwelling I thought I heard a voice. It was the clear, sweet voice of the daughter, reading the parable of the prodigal son. I approached nearer. She read with an emphatic, but tremulous tone of voice, "I will arise, and go to my father, and will say to him, father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." At this moment I heard a sobbing, and the old man burst into tears. In a few minutes all was hushed. "Father," said the daughter beseechingly, "God will receive you if you go to him as the prodigal went to his father." "Kneel down beside me, my dear Jane," said the Pensioner. "Oh! thou, who didst cause light to shine out of darkness, shine into my benighted soul. Thou, who didst receive the repenting, returning prodigal, receive me, who am worse than the prodigal." After a pause—It will not do—I cannot—Oh Jane pray for me." Jane did pray for him, and I could not but weep as I listened to her earnest supplications for her poor father, and join my prayers with hers for his relief. She soon ceased, and I would have retreated. But I could not go; for now was explained what had been so mysterious, and I desired to learn what I had failed to learn before, and if possible to administer relief. The old man opened the door, and seemed surprised at seeing me; but such was his salutation that I knew I was not unwelcome. He was aware that I was acquainted with his situation, and did not endeavor to conceal it. I stepped forward, and took from the shelf a neat little Bible which seemed to have been preserved with care though much used. The eyes of the daughter, which lately had been suffused with tears, now beamed with joy, and hope. I opened to the 51st psalm and read it. I commented upon the nature, necessity and reasonableness of true repentance. I endeavored to show how repentance would be acceptable to God, through the mediation of Jesus Christ. The old man was moved and the countenance of his daughter brightened with joy, as she said, "Father I know repentance to be a happy feeling." The interest this little family manifested in my welfare was much increased by this morning's visit. I had been revealed to them in a new character, and they regarded me not only as a friend, but also as a Christian. I learned from the daughter the history of her father's feelings, for several months past. It was more than six months, since he began to look forward with seriousness to a future world; and for many weeks he had been in much the same state of mind, as that, in which I now saw him. In my further intercourse

with him that day, I was convinced that he was anxious to secure the better portion; but he was selfish. He was deeply convinced of sin, yet he would not repent. His anxiety was not produced by fear, but by conviction.

For several successive days I was a constant visitor at the cottage. I endeavored to instruct, but all was to no purpose. Indeed it was not necessary. He was well instructed in his duty. But there seemed to be an unyielding obduracy in his heart which endeavored to reject every offer of mercy. His obstinacy was not so open and tumultuous, as steady and persevering. He knew it to be wrong, but he would not overcome it. The principles of a depraved heart, were in vigorous and successful exercise.

One evening as I was returning from the excursions of the day, I thought I would run my boat into the cove by the Pensioner's dwelling. A heavy cloud was hovering in the west, which seemed to presage a storm, and as I was alone, I scarcely dared to attempt the voyage homeward. On going on shore I found the old man, and his daughter, who had been waiting for me. They had been waiting for me, and I was told she had been waiting for me. It was about sunset, when we walked down to the beach to look out for the boat, which should bring home the sole comfort of her anxious father. "I do not much like that dark cloud yonder," said the old man as we stood upon the shore. "Though my sweet Jane has never slept from under the paternal roof, I hope she will not attempt to return to-night." The shadows of evening were fast falling. As we could discern nothing of the daughter we returned to the cottage. It was not long before the portending storm came on with great violence, and the waters were swept by one of those terrible gusts, with which Lake George is sometimes visited. The heaving, and white-froaming billows of the Lake made a gloomy contrast with the surrounding darkness. A deep dusk hung over the face of things, and we could discern only enough to see the havoc which the storm was making abroad. As we sat silently by the window looking out upon the scene, we thought we heard cries of distress. In a moment we were upon the beach. But it was so dark that we could distinguish objects only at a little distance. All was again hushed, except the troubled billows, and howling blast, and we stood listening in breathless silence. Again we heard a cry. It was the last. The old Pensioner's heart died within, for he knew it was the voice of his daughter. The sound seemed to proceed from some one not far from the shore. At this moment the mastiff, which stood beside us, plunged into the waves. He was gone a long time, but at length returned bearing by his mouth the drowned girl. We made every effort to resuscitate the lifeless body, but all was unavailing. The soul had left its earthly tenement, and flown to another, and heavenly world. We carried the body of poor Jane into the cottage, and laid it on the humble couch it had so often occupied. The poor old man seemed alive to all those heart-rending pangs, which his forlorn condition now made him realize. His feelings were the feelings of despair. He sat down by the bedside of her, who lately was so lovely—hid his face in both his hands, and burst into a flood of tears. I would have soothed, but I knew I could not. After the first paroxysms of agony and grief had subsided, by degrees he grew more calm. But though his calmness was incapacity to endure so poignant grief, and that he was exhausted by the tempest of his feelings. I could see by his countenance that there was no peace within. The cottage was still as the mansion of Death. While the bereaved father sat, intently viewing the inanimate features of his child, the last ray of hope seemed to expire, and there was no longer a tie to bind him to earth. That night was dreadful to us both. The storm was raging fearfully without, while all was hushed like the silence of the tomb within. The old Pensioner was the first to interrupt the stillness. "I did not think that the flower, which bloomed so sweetly in the morning would be so withered, and dead at night. Oh! Jane! Jane! It is hard to part with thee—forever too—in one short hour torn from my aged arms!" His feelings were too big for utterance, and his voice faltered. But he struggled hard for self-possession, and soon resumed: "I was always poor—but never so poor as now. Oh! Jane, how fondly have I nourished thee! Seventeen years thou has been my sole companion! How kind wast thou to me, my daughter! Thou art gone—Shall I never more hear from thee the fervent prayer for thy poor father—never more hear thy kind entreaty to be reconciled to God? Ah never! Oh! that I might be what thou wast, when thou left thy father's dwelling! But there is no hope for me." Here the old man again burst into tears. After a short pause—"Yes, I have one resource.—I will arise, I will go to my father, and will say, father I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am not worthy to be called thy son.—Oh! Saviour of sinners! let me come to thee—let me call thee my father! I have no friend but thee.—I have abused thee—abused thy mercy.—I am the chief of sinners!—Oh! gracious Saviour, I come to thee ashamed, and guilty. If I perish, I will perish at thy feet. Here Lord I am—do with me as seemeth good to thee."—The Pensioner ceased—his heart was melted within him. The thoughts of the dead no longer occupied his mind. There was a glow of fervor upon his countenance. His soul seemed to be elevated above this world, holding communion with its God.—We were both silent; but I trust we both prayed.—I cannot tell all that happened on that night. It is sufficient to say we spent the night in prayer by the bedside of Jane. The murmuring spirit of the father seemed to be hushed into meek submission. He could kiss the hand by which he was smitten, and thank his heavenly Father for the chastisement. There was a pleasing serenity upon his countenance, even in the chamber of death, which seemed to say, "all is well."

With the early light of the next morning, I went out to visit the neighboring settlement, to invite the attendance of two, or three female friends, to do their last offices of kindness to the deceased, and make the other necessary arrangements for her funeral. As I walked along towards my boat, I observed a little skiff stranded upon the beach. It was the same, which conveyed Jane so near the paternal dwelling, the preceding evening. This circumstance, and a hat, which lay at a little distance told me that Jane Mandeville was not the only person, who had been the victim of a watery death. The melancholy tidings of the catastrophe of the preceding evening were soon spread wide and deep was the feeling excited in every breast along the shores of Lake George. The next day was the Sabbath; and there was sadness upon the countenances of those, who convened at the glen. The mourners were not relatives, for old Mandeville had none remaining. But they had known Jane in her childhood—had known her in her ripening years; and many were the tears, which were shed that day upon her coffin. The Missionary, who called at the glen two years before, stood among the mourners. He had heard of Jane's death at the settlement, and hastened to pay his last

tribute of respect to the deceased, and to comfort the bereaved father in his affliction. But there was no need; for he felt a consolation in his bosom of more value than worlds;—a consolation, which nothing on earth could have imparted. As the funeral procession moved slowly towards the burial place of the old Pensioner's family, there was a deep, and thoughtful silence throughout the little concourse. The bearers placed the coffin beside the grave. The Missionary uncovered his head, and addressed a few words to the assembly. They were tender, and appropriate, and flowed from a feeling heart. The coffin was lowered into its narrow cell. I looked upon the old Pensioner. A tear was standing in his eye, but there was peace, and tranquility in his bosom. He advanced to the head of the grave, and, after looking into it, he looked round affectionately upon the assembly, and said: "My friends, there is sorrow in my heart, but it is not a sorrow without hope. I think I can thank the Great Shepherd, that he has taken this lamb from me; for before, I was a lost, and wandering sheep, and would not hear the voice of the shepherd, calling me to his fold. I was a prodigal, perishing with hunger, and would not return to my father, who had bread enough, and to spare. I shall soon see my dear Jane again. She will not always sleep here. The trump of the arch-angel will reach the bottom of this grave. This narrow house will soon be the resting place of us all. I feel and am assured that I must soon lay these limbs beside hers. Let us be like her, and I trust we shall meet in heaven." The Missionary invoked the blessing of God upon the assembly, and they silently dispersed to their boats.

For a few days I was a constant resident at the glen, and had the satisfaction of witnessing daily in the old Pensioner an increasing, and fervent piety. He was now happy, rejoicing in hope. We conversed; we joined our prayers, and praises at the throne of grace; and precious were the seasons, which I spent in his cottage. He sometimes wept at the grave of his beloved daughter. But there was joy even in his grief. The Bible of Jane was now his constant companion, and much was he consoled, and animated by its promises. The day at length arrived when I must take my final leave of the scenes of Lake George. The morning was fine, and we spent an hour in walking about the glen. We conversed—we prayed. It was the last time we were to be together this side the grave. I had endeavored, as far as possible, to ascertain the true character of his views and feelings; and was satisfied that he had commenced a new, and happy existence, which would only bloom here, but would ripen in eternity. He accompanied me to the boat. As we were about to part, I expressed my apprehension that he would be lonely. "I am not alone," said he, "and though to go, and be with Christ would be far better; yet all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come—I hope to meet you in heaven. Farewell," Farewell, said I, and he returned to the cottage. The dwelling of the Pensioner, and the little glen soon vanished from my view.

A few months since I had occasion to visit Lake George. I called at the glen. The cottage of the old pensioner was there, but it was without an inhabitant. I visited the garden, and Jane was lying between her parents. On enquiring at the neighbouring settlement, I was told that the old man had died a few weeks previous. I learned with great satisfaction, that he had lived in such a manner, as to carry conviction to the minds of all, that the grace of God had been performing in his heart its perfect work. He had spent his time, from the period at which I took leave of him, in pious devotion to his Saviour, and died in the triumphs of faith, and the hopes of a blessed immortality. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," says the Spirit; for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." R. ERATO.

## ELECTION.

"My sheep," said Jesus, "hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them to me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one." The objections, which are heard, against this doctrine of God's decree relating to the salvation of certain men may be ascribed sometimes to misapprehension as well as to an unwillingness, that the Sovereign of the universe should dispense his mercy according to his own infinite wisdom. If our names, it is said, are not written in the book of life, we can do nothing to secure our eternal happiness and shall necessarily be lost; and if we can do nothing, then we have nothing to do, and every command to do any thing for our salvation is unjust and absurd. To this common objection it might be sufficient to reply, that God most justly claims our supreme love; that to withhold it is guilt, and guilt ascertained by our own consciences notwithstanding all the refinement and glosses of our false reason,—and that to yield it is surmounting every obstacle to salvation. The difficulty then lies wholly in our own heart, the seat of holiness and sin, and not in any physical and natural impediment or impossibility. If we require, that divine power shall remove this difficulty in order that retribution may be just; it is requiring, that all men shall be rendered holy, in order that they may be accountable;—it is contradicting all our natural and irrepressible notions of individual agency & accountability;—it is bringing forward a theory in religion, which we know to be false in common life.

But there is another way of answering the objection. If we admit, that there will be a difference in the destinies of men to be assigned at the judgment, and that God is so perfect, as to have no succession of thoughts nor increase of knowledge nor change of purpose; then the transactions of that period may be considered as expressing the eternal will, pleasure, decree, or determination of omniscient Justice. At the final day God assigns to certain men, on account of their good works, a retribution of good;—from eternity this retribution, with the reasons of it and its relation to character, was as perfectly in the mind of God as at the day of judgment;—from eternity then the names of the righteous were in the book of life; "they were chosen in Jesus Christ before the foundation of the world," and given to him to be redeemed and saved, precisely as the event will prove. Do not many of our objections to the doctrine of scripture spring from a narrow and degrading view of the divine attributes? Are we not apt to transfer to Jehovah what we find inseparable from man? Even if a clear passage of scripture did bring to us an unconquerable difficulty, an insuperable mystery, might it not become man, who knows nothing,—who for instance cannot determine the nature of light, though ever beaming on his eye,—to remember, that there may be many things in the nature and ways of God beyond the limits of his vision, baffling to his

feeble powers of comprehension, and yet not the less true?—I have sometimes watched in your own waters, which wash your shores, a little crab occupying as his house a helix or snail shell, and bearing it along rapidly beneath the waves. Let me ask you, whether if this burglar crab should imagine, that he was bearing upon his back the round globe, which we inhabit, the imagination would be more preposterous, than the persuasion of man, "who is a worm," confined to this globe,—that he is competent to judge of the ways of the infinite Jehovah and to settle all the measures of the divine government, pervading immensity, and continuing through interminable ages? Can there be greater presumption and greater folly, than contemplating the flood of heavenly light, which shines in the Bible, to bury ourselves in the darkness of our prejudices and passions, which we call our reason? [President Allen's Sermon.

## FUTURE RETRIBUTION.

But for what purpose will the children of men be raised from the dead, & be judged according to their works? Is it as some imagine, that they all whether holy or sinful, penitent or impenitent, believers or unbelievers may be treated alike & rewarded with everlasting glory? Will no distinction be made between him that served God, and him that served him not? What then is the meaning of the subsequent verse?—"And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." What then is the meaning of the passage in the following chapter?—"I am alpha and omega, the beginning and the end; I will give unto him that is athirst, of the fountain of the water of life freely: he that overcometh shall inherit all things, but the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." What then is the meaning of the passage at the close of the book of Revelations?—"The time is at hand. He that is unjust let him be unjust still, and he which is filthy let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous let him be righteous still; and he that is holy let him be holy still. And behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me to give every man according as his work shall be." What then is the meaning of the apostle Paul, when he asserts that "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them, that know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them, that believe?" What then is the meaning of our Lord himself, when he declares respecting them, who shall be on his right hand and on his left in the day of judgment,— "these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life everlasting?"

## MINISTERIAL SUPPORT.

It may be true that you cannot make large provision for the support of a minister, but you may be able to give a comfortable subsistence to a servant of the Lord, "who would minister to you spiritual things, while you ministered to him earthly things." By neglecting this duty a miserable covetousness might calculate, that so much would be saved; but what should thus be saved would in fact be a loss, & possibly an immense, eternal loss to yourselves and your children. The ministry must be supported and all are bound to contribute according to their ability. They, who preach the gospel whatever be their denomination have a right to a comfortable support. How else, in ordinary cases, can they give themselves wholly to the work of the ministry, to meditation, reading and prayer?

Will any be disposed to say the minister must take care of himself by his own industry? It were sufficient to reply, in the language of inspiration,—"Do ye not know, that they, which wait at the altar, are partakers with the altar?" Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the gospel, should live of the gospel."

Besides, if the minister must labor like others and have no time for study, how will he be more able to instruct than others? Then all may be preachers alike. And when thus the order which Christ established is subverted, there will be a community of ignorance, and the blind, if they can be said to have any leaders, will be led by the blind.

## MORNING DRAMS.

It is a general practice with my brother Farmers during the hay season, to take bitters, or some kind of ardent spirits before they go out to work in the morning. This is a practice, which, from experience, I can pronounce worse than useless, even putting out of the question all expense, and its tendency to lead to habits of intemperance. A farmer rises in the morning before the sun, summons his hands, takes a dram, and goes out to mowing; before the call to breakfast, which may be some two or three hours, he finds his nerves weak and affected, his appetite gone and a nauseous feeling rankling in his stomach. A forced breakfast may in some measure correct the deleterious effect of the dram, but it will be felt more or less during the day, in a languor which will probably be attributed to the heat, or any other than the true cause. Now I will only ask of persons practising this habit to try a substitute which I have adopted, and if they do not find by the better feelings it inspires and the firmness of nerve and increased strength and ability it gives to labour, that it is superior to their bitters or drams, it will prove them differently constituted from myself. My practice is, to drink half a pint or a pint of milk, warm from the cow, instead of spirits, in the morning; and the great benefit I have derived from it has been so apparent to others who have laboured for me, who have been in the habit of taking their dram, that they needed no other inducement to try, and having once tried, to follow my practice of resorting to the cow rather than the whiskey keg for the morning bitters.—*Fl. Journal.*

Selected Toast.—In honor of one of the best men in the church, and one of the most liberal patrons of our benevolent institutions.—By President Adams—at Quincy. The excellent President, Governor, Ambassador, and Chief Justice, John Jay, whose name, by accident, was not subscribed to the Declaration of Independence, as it ought to have been—for he was one of its ablest and most faithful supporters—a splendid star just setting below the horizon.

New-York, July 7.—We understand the Rev. W. D. Snodgrass, of Savannah, has accepted the unanimous invitation from the Presbyterian Church in Murray street, to become their pastor. This is the congregation lately under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Dr. Mason.

The association of the Baptist Church at Raleigh, N. C. have advertised an impostor by the name of William Harris, who is travelling the country in the character of a Baptist preacher.

RELIGION AMONG SEAMEN.

The Anniversary of the Society for propagating the Gospel among seamen was held in the Mariners' Church, New-York, June 19th.

The Church was taken by Mr. John Westfield a Vice President of the Society—the exercises were introduced with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Truair. The Annual Report was read by Mr. P. Perit, Corresponding Secretary. From this document it appears, that with a wide and increasing field of labor, the Society find themselves almost without resources. A debt of \$6000 yet remains due on the building and lots; and the annual subscriptions do not produce enough to defray the slender salaries of the preachers. The Managers urge the necessity of far more and greater exertions than have yet been made.

Rev. S. H. Cone of the Baptist Church moved the acceptance of the Report—and he was followed by Rev. R. McCarty, of the Presbyterian Church; from whose Address the following striking paragraph is extracted.

"The speaker related several affecting anecdotes; one of a careless sailor, who on going to sea, replied to his religious brother in words like these: 'Tom you are talking a great deal about Religion and Providence, and if I should be wrecked, and a ship was to leave in sight and take me off, I suppose you would call it a merciful providence. Its all very well, but I believe no such thing; these things happen like other things, by mere chance, and you call it providence, that's all.' He went upon his voyage, and the case he had put hypothetically was soon literally true; he was wrecked and remained upon the wreck three days, when a ship appeared, and seeing their signal of distress, came to their relief. He returned, and in relating it, said to his brother, 'Oh! Tom, when that ship hove in sight, my words to you came in a moment into my mind—it was like a bolt of thunder. I have never got rid of it; and now I think it no more than an act of common gratitude, to give myself up to Him who pitied and saved me.' Yes, sir, put the love of Jesus Christ before a sailor's heart, and all its warm affections gush out; no man must tell me that sailors will not listen to the gospel; if we would only do our duty, if we would only use the same efforts for them as for others, we might behold multitudes of them anchoring safe by that great Rock, around which the storms of ages beat in vain. Why do we not? If you saw a sailor drowning in the water, would you not put out your hand to draw him out? Why not do the same, when alas! he is sinking into the gulf of hell? I heard once, and the fact is on record too, of a whole ship's crew being saved by having one good man on board. 'Behold I have given thee the life of all them that are in the ship. How much good might be done, if we could put but one good man on board every ship that leaves the port! Mr. McCarty closed his speech with an anecdote of the sister of one of the sailors who fell in a marine engagement during the last war. She had lost father and mother, and every brother and sister relative, but this one brother. News came of a great victory, and when the names of the fallen were received, she read among them her brother's!—she was like a tree in a desert—like a rock in the ocean—desolate, bereaved, alone in the earth; but in relating with many bursting sobs, her grief for her minister, she closed with this, 'But oh sir, I have this to comfort me—my brother died a Christian!' Would you, asked the speaker, leave to sailors relatives such comfort as this? then aid us."

From the N. Y. Seaman's Magazine.  
JOURNAL OF THE BETHEL FLAG.  
At New-York.

Tuesday evening 17th June, the Bethel Union held a prayer meeting on board the ship *Empress*, Capt. William Sinclair; the accommodations were beyond description in awnings, seats, and lanterns. At a little after 8 o'clock the decks were filled and services commenced. A number of the committee of all denominations were present; who were engaged in union of sentiments and feelings for mariners, and laudation. If what was said in exhortations and prayers; and what was seen in attitude and countenances in all present, were here described, to many it would be incredible. It was not altogether in their attention and silence while on board during the devotions; but they carried it with them out of the ship, and while going up the wharf, their feelings, sentiments and opinions of the meeting, were communicated to each other in a low tone of voice with universal approbation. We cannot have a greater evidence that Christ was in our midst, when a hundred mariners were present with corresponding feelings respecting the meeting. As the second year of the Bethel Union ended this evening, some important questions were asked, which every one was to answer to his own conscience. And as we have commenced the third year on board of a vessel owned and commanded by those who love our Lord Jesus Christ, a few remarks respecting one who is attached to this ship, cannot be injurious to him, or unprofitable to the Marine Bible Society.

At the first anniversary of the Marine Bible Society in February, 1817, at the city Hotel, W. with a number of seamen, were present; the addresses that were delivered, and the observations made, on the importance of the institution, found their way to the heart of this man. After the close of the meeting, W. with several other seamen, came forward and asked, with tears in their eyes, "where can I get a Bible?" After asking him some questions, he was directed where to call the following day. He soon sailed from New-York on a long voyage and did not return until 1819. Early in July, he called on the Agent of the Marine Bible Society, and related to him the fact of his conviction at the City Hotel. He related the series of his past life, how long he had followed the sea, addicted to profanity, regardless of God, death, and eternity: "I have found the Bible," he remarked, "to be a precious book; it has, I believe, convinced me of sin, righteousness, and judgment to come; but I am yet a vile sinner; but I cannot live as I have done, nor take God's name in vain any more. The impression that was made on my mind at that meeting, increased to a great degree for a long time after I sailed from New-York; and they are not entirely subsided now. I have come here, Sir, to ask you if it is possible for me to get a living, how I can enjoy the gospel of Christ; I am a stranger and a sinner, what shall I do?" He was in much distress: "I am willing to labour day and night if I could live on shore, or go a coasting, where I can enjoy religion."

There was a long conversation on this subject; he was advised to work along shore on board of vessels, until he could be better employed. Such an alteration made on the mind of a weather-beaten sailor, by the Marine Bible Society, at its first commencement, must produce some confidence in the promises of God, that he has purposes of mercy towards long neglected seamen.

In the month of August, 1818, application was made to Capt. F. commander of the ship *T. P.* in the Charleston trade belonging to Mr. A. G. P. to employ him as a seaman on board his ship, which he consented to do.

After Capt. T. returned from Charleston, he was asked, "how do you like William?" "Very well; I do not want a better man."

In the year 1819 Capt. F. left Mr. P's employ

and being unwilling to part with W. took him away, where he remained a few months. William then returned to Mr. P's employ, and sailed with Capt. S. in the ship *E.* He had not been long with Capt. S. before he added to his wages two dollars per month, and advised him to learn the art of navigation. Capt. S's friendship increased towards him from one period of time to another until he employed him as first mate of his ship. Early in 1822, Capt. S. gave him the charge of the ship and remained himself in New-York. From that time to this, Capt. S. had not been in the ship more than three or four times to Charleston, which gives a sufficient evidence, that such an experienced ship-master as Capt. S. as well as Mr. P. one of the owners would not trust that ship, with her important employment into W's hands if he was not a deserving man. And what is pleasing to all who are acquainted with him, is, that he remains steadfast in the faith, and unmovable in the gospel of Christ. Here is a man who has knocked off from profaning the name of God his Redeemer, and many other vices, and is loosed from the chains which bound him down to poverty and distress, and the power of Satan, which was destroying his soul.

This is one evidence among many thousands, that those who have embraced the religion of Christ have found prosperity, peace, and comfort in this world, and a well grounded hope of a glorious immortality in the world to come. O, that thousands of his shipmates would follow his example, and knock off from their sins, which keep them continually in poverty, sorrow, and distress in this world, and are daily preparing them for an awful eternity.

C. P.

From the N. Y. Christian Herald.

UNITED BRETHREN'S MISSIONS.

The church which the Brethren have planted at New-Fairfield, in Upper Canada, has lately had an accession of three members from among the heathen. The Quarterly publication issued at Philadelphia, which gives an account of all the missions connected with the Moravian Church contains some interesting details of the mission at New-Fairfield. We would remark by the way, that this town, (or rather Fairfield,) was founded in 1792 by the Brethren, who had been driven from the settlement on the Muskingum in 1781. In 1798 they renewed the mission, among the Delaware on the Muskingum, (at Goshen,) and those who remained at F. enjoyed tranquility labouring among the Chippewas until the town was destroyed by the American Army in 1815, an event with which our readers are probably acquainted. After the war the place was rebuilt and called New-Fairfield. Since that period the Lord has smiled on their humble endeavours, though the evil lives of the white people in the neighbourhood tend to keep the heathen from hearing the Gospel. At the close of 1820, the Indian congregation consisted of 152 souls, 42 of whom were communicants. The mission is under the care of the Rev. Abraham Luckenbach and the Rev. Adam Hamman. The journal of this mission above referred to, embraces the period from June 1, 1821 to April 30, 1822. On application to Gov. Maitland, he exchanged a tract of land six miles square, to accommodate the mission by placing it at a greater distance from their white brethren. One hundred copies of the Harmony of the four Gospels translated into the Delaware language, by the late venerable David Zeisberger, printed in this city together with many other books in the Delaware and Mohawk tongues, and a quantity of clothing were received in July, to "our great joy, and that of our people." The arrival of these things "was announced in a special meeting of the congregation, when all attended;" and "having improved the occasion by giving some suitable admonition, we thanked the Lord, on our knees, for the various undeserved benefits we had received." "All were overjoyed on receiving their presents; some even had their eyes filled with tears, and one man said, 'Although I do not by way of present receive any clothes'—yet I rejoice at the present of the printed Harmony; for all other things will pass away; but the word therein written will not pass away."

When the presents were distributed "joy was depicted on every countenance, and gratitude pervaded every heart. Several aged sisters wept for joy, repeatedly expressed their gratitude for their share, and begged us to return a thousand thanks to 'the Female Auxiliary Missionary Society of Bethlehem.' During the summer they were visited by a party of Sacks, or Sakis Indians, (from northward of the Mississippi,) whom they treated with much kindness, and received a good degree of civility in return. Brother L. was enabled to instruct the chief while there in the things concerning his salvation, and the chief returned thanks for the word. The Indians of all ages and both sexes, are instructed by the brethren and sisters, in reading, writing and other branches of useful knowledge, and some of them make considerable progress. It would afford us and our readers pleasure to make a few extracts from this journal, but after remarking that several pleasant interviews have been held with brethren of the Baptist and Methodist denominations, who have visited this station, we must close for the present.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

To the Editor of the Boston Recorder.  
SIR,—Anonymous notices having from time to time appeared in religious publications of the extensive and glorious work of God on Connecticut River, which have not conveyed correct information in regard to some portions of the scene of it, I deem it my duty, having been an eye witness, to state the general facts from the commencement to the period when I took my leave of that most interesting field of labor, which was about the last of June. It is not my design to write a minute and circumstantial narrative. This may be safely left in the hands of those experienced settled ministers, whose congregations have been blessed with the influences of the Holy Ghost, but to state the truth in regard to those towns which have been visited by the Lord of the harvest.

It was during the early part of September, 1822, that appearances in Westfield indicated a shower of grace. There was indeed a sprinkling, and a few we hope, were saved, but the heavenly cloud passed along northwardly and stood over Southampton, raining righteousness upon that highly favored people, and with such power that it was indeed a season when Zion's gates were crowded with trembling, and anxious, and rejoicing souls. The work continued in this place in its greatest power through the autumn and winter. About the same time the Lord excited an unusual attention in Eastampton, which has, we believe, resulted in the salvation of a great number. The village of Hadley was, in December a scene of great interest. The expectation of Christians, however, were not fully answered. In we make use of numbers, there were in this place no more than thirty persons, who expressed recent hope of eternal life. But in this month the spirit of grace and supplication began to move upon the Church of Westfield, and subsequently upon that of Westampton, and in these towns, too, God has made marvellous displays of his grace and glory. In February there was a movement in Northampton. The result of it, we trust, is the eternal salvation of some precious souls. During the greater part of this time, there has been in Amherst a gradual and silent work, which has been continually introducing happy souls into Christ's kingdom, and which, it is believed, has not yet ceased. The Church has peculiar reason to express her joy, and her gratitude to God for the manifestation of his mercy to the Collegiate Institution, by which a number of invaluable young men have experienced a total change in their views and feelings. In this work of grace among his pupils, the lamented President

took an active interest, preaching to the assembled students and conversing with them individually, under the pressure of ill health and a various multitude of cares.

Within a few weeks the people of Montgomery have been much awakened to eternal concerns, and in this small place the number of those who rejoice in Christ has accumulated with unexampled rapidity. Finally, the town of Chesterfield has been graciously watered from on high, and it is understood that the work is progressive. During this season of divine influences thus far, the number of those at a low calculation, who have expressed hope in God and faith in Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost is upwards of seven hundred and fifty. Oh, the "unspeakable riches of Christ!"

In some of the above towns there may be said to be a cessation of what is called "the Revival," in others, there is a declension from the high and all engaging excitement which once existed, while in others the excitement continues. With in the transforming influence of this mighty work of grace, have been embraced persons of all classes, and as to age, from the bald and obdurate sinner of eighty years down to the youthful and tender infant of five!

It is hoped that those gentlemen whose congregations have been signally blessed, as they are the most proper and most able persons, will furnish the public with some of the amazing facts which have occurred during this work of God.

Most respectfully, J. N. DANFORTH.

Boston, July 22, 1823.

For the Boston Recorder.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

Donations to the American Tract Society, received in May and June, 1823.

Fem. Aux. Tract Society, Harpswell, Me.	\$3 23
Auxiliary Tract Society, Rutland, Vt., by Mr. H. B. Hooker.	1 56
Youth's Aux. Tract Soc., Braintree, Vt.	1 67
Auxiliary Tract Society, Peacham, Vt. by Rev. L. Worcester, Agent.	7 33
Auxiliary Tract Society, Barre, Vt.	4 50
Fem. Aux. Tract Soc., Amherst, W. P., Ms.	2 67
Aux. Tract Soc., Rochester, Ms. by Mr. Cobb.	3 33
Female Aux. Tract Society, Pittsfield, Ms.	18 00
Auxiliary Tract Society, Canton, Ms.	2 18
do. do. South Boston, Ms.	3 67
do. do. Oxford, Ms.	2 75
do. do. Greenfield, Ms.	3 00
do. do. Leominster, Ms.	2 12
do. do. Spencer, Ms.	5 09
do. do. Middleboro', 3d P. Ms.	5 17
do. do. Northbridge, Ms.	2 58
do. do. Bradford, N. H., Rev.	
R. Page, Agent,	2 25
Auxiliary Tract Society, Fishersfield, N. H.	
by Rev. R. Page, Agent,	2 08
Auxiliary Tract Society Hopkinton, N. H.	3 00
do. do. Chester, N. H.	3 00
do. do. Lebanon, N. H.	13 00
do. do. Chichester, N. H.	1 33
do. do. Richmond, N. H.	3 84
do. do. Stoddard, N. H.	2 73
do. do. Roxbury, N. H.	2 29
do. do. Troy, N. H.	1 33
Tract Society, Columbia, Coos Co., N. H.	2 00
Aux. Tract Society, Onondaga Hollow, N. Y.	4 25
Den. Jona. Rice, Ward, Ms.	3 30
Mr. Owen Burnham, Kennebunk, Me. profits on Christian Almanack,	1 00
Mr. Bowen, Windsor, Vt.	1 00
Mrs. Rev. H. Fish, Marlborough, N. H.	10 00
Female Friend,	10 00
Rev. Joseph Chickering, Phillipston, Ms. annual subscription for 1822,	2 00

Life Members.  
Rev. Joseph Chickering\* Phillipston, Ms. by himself, 20 00  
Mr. Daniel Alwood, Felham, N. H. by himself, 20 00  
Rev. James Taylor, by Ladies in Sunderland, Mass., 20 00  
Rev. Paul Litchfield, by Ladies, Carlisle, Ms., 20 00  
Rev. Eber L. Clark, by Ladies in Winchester, Ms., 20 00  
Rev. Jonathan Greenleaf, Wells, Me. by S. Greenleaf, Esq. Portland, 20 00  
Rev. Ebenezer Jennings, by Ladies in Dalton, Ms., 20 00  
Rev. Artus B. Hull, by Ladies in Worcester, Ms., 20 00  
Rev. Samuel Austin, D. D. by Female Reading Society, Newport, R. I. 20 00  
Amos BLANCHARD, Treasurer. }  
Andover, July 16, 1823. } \$317 85

\* \$20, received May, 1821, and supposed to be for the purpose of constituting the Rev. Mr. Chickering a life member, was an unconditional donation from a friend in Woburn, Ms.

BOSTON RECORDER.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1823.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.  
A Sermon preached in the Chapel of the Theological Seminary, Andover, on the Public Fast, April 3, 1823. By EBERNEZER PORTER, D. D., Bartlett Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in the Seminary.

The object in view, in noticing this sermon, is simply to give a wider circulation to some important sentiments it contains, than is likely to be given, at an early period at least, by the distribution of the pamphlet. It is one of the happiest efforts of its author. It is reasonable. The present state of feeling among Christians at large, requires such an exposition of the views of those who are urging forward the schemes of benevolence which characterize the passing generation. No friend of missions will dissent from any important proposition advanced; and it is highly desirable not only that avowed enemies but that lukewarm friends, should if possible be made to understand what is the actuating spirit of that system of means, now in operation for the conversion of the world. If they are ignorant of the motives that inspire effort for the salvation of men, and their ignorance is of a nature that can be removed by fact and argument, then certainly the labors of Dr. Porter will not be thrown away.

The text is taken Matthew xvi. 3. "O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

We pass over the introduction, where the primary design of the text is stated, and its first application to the present state of the world is shown. The signs which are mentioned as marking the present period, are, "an unusual spirit of prayer; revivals of religion, uncommonly powerful and extensive; the increase of candor and fraternal feeling among different denominations of Christians; unusual efforts to spread the Bible; unusual efforts to evangelize the heathen; unusual efforts to give religious instruction to the rising generation; unusual efforts to increase the number of pious and able ministers."—But on these the author does not dwell. His main object is to point out certain "dangers to be guarded against, in our great systems of benevolent operation"—to furnish "lessons of instruction and caution, as well as of animation"—not to "express an apprehension that we are in danger of indulging excessive zeal," but

to show that "it is not a blind zeal that is to carry forward the great enterprises of the age."

These dangers are considered, "as they respect men without personal religion;—and as they respect real Christians, and the interests of the Church."

To give the author's views of these dangers most clearly we should be under the necessity of quoting all that he says. A few extracts, however, will suffice to explain his object.

1. As they respect men who are destitute of personal religion.

"Any tendency which there may be in the system of things at this day, to sink the grand requisitions of the gospel out of sight, and to cherish in men the hope of acceptance with God, while destitute of the temper which he requires, must seriously endanger their eternal interests."

"If I mistake not there is such a tendency. The church and the world are becoming accustomed to meet on the same common ground, and to act in concert respecting the general interests of religion, without keeping distinctly in view those principles, which stamp the character of actions in the sight of heaven. To be more specific. The simple act of giving money to a religious object may be regarded as a truly religious act, while the motive may be such as God cannot approve, and as the giver himself would be unwilling to avow before his fellow men. I am aware that the prerogative of searching hearts is not committed to us. I am aware too that for certain purposes, and to a certain extent, the motives of actions, apparently good, are of little importance. The beggar's hunger may be as effectually relieved by bread given from ostentation, as from Christian benevolence. If I contribute to send the preaching of the gospel to a heathen, the value of the benefit to him depends not at all on the temper in me, which prompted the contribution. A Bible, given by an infidel, is as precious in its contents, and may be as useful as though given by an apostle. But in respect to the spiritual state of the giver, the motive is of infinite importance; because on this absolutely, and this only, the moral worth of the action depends. And shall we undervalue and dishonor the Bible at home, in the very act of sending it abroad? Shall the man by whose liberality we are enabled to bestow this treasure on others, be tempted to forget the claims which this holy book asserts over his own heart, and the terms upon which it offers him salvation?"

There is imminent danger of mistaking the appearance of respect for religion, for religion itself.

"Worldly men may aid these charities from the impulse of conscience, from social sympathies, or from regard to personal reputation. He who hates the truth may promote benevolent institutions, to appease that disquietude which the absolute neglect of all religion must produce in his own bosom; or to exhibit his generosity to a public object, or his compassion to those whose condition and privileges are far inferior to his own. Yet the most equivocal expressions of respect for Christianity, in a man or woman of elevated station, is easily construed into demonstration of personal religion. The prince is a patron of the Bible Society; his name is blazoned in capitals on its subscription list; his presence at its anniversary is hailed with acclamations; his speech in favor of the Bible is interrupted with bursts of applause, is echoed through the country in every hamlet, and is the theme of eulogy in every Gazette. But who is this friend of the Bible? A man perhaps, who suffers it to stand as an ornament to his library, in all the elegance which art can give to its exterior; while he loves not its doctrines, and fears not its threatenings, and has scarcely read a page of it in his life. A man whose morals are not only in fact, but are commonly known to be at open variance with the spirit and requisitions of this holy book."

Still it is not intended, that "it were better if worldly great men were open opposers of Christian institutions:—No; but it were better if they were real and consistent Christians.

The motives that are sometimes injudiciously urged by the friends of missions, are happily unmixed upon, and an illustration of the author's meaning is taken from a letter, addressed by a missionary in Bengal, to some children in this country.

"Pray," says he, "for the poor Hindoo children. O could you see the little creatures placing their lighted lamps at the water side, in honor of their idol gods!—could you see them making idols of mud, and offering to them, at the river side; above all, could you see their dead bodies floating down the river, or torn by the frightful birds of prey, and mangled by dogs and jackalls, you would pray for them, you would pity them; nay, more, give your cents and your silver for their instruction. Let me know what you will give, and then I shall know how much you love Jesus."

"That these facts are stated with the purest motives, and that they ought to awaken emotions of pity in every bosom, cannot be questioned. But what is pity towards objects of wretchedness? Is it the same as love to Jesus? In itself it is an instinct, found in every man, good or bad, who is not a monster. It is found in many animals towards the suffering of their own species. And shall the exercise of this instinct be identified with holy love? Shall such sentiments be uttered by Christian missionaries, and be repeated with approbation, in the periodical publications of a Christian country? Let me know what you will give, and then I shall know how much you love Jesus."

II. Dangers which "respect real Christians and the interests of the Church." These dangers all "result perhaps from one source, the tendency there is among pious men to adapt their religion to public sentiment."

The church is now exempted from persecution, and has become "an object of respect, even to those that love not the truth." Her efforts have placed her on a commanding eminence; and secured to her the outward homage of many who discern not her spiritual excellence. Now there is "danger of retrenching the grand characteristics of the gospel, to accommodate the taste" of this description of friends to Zion.

"Let me suppose all the subscribers to the funds of a missionary society, to be collected in one assembly. The question is fairly put, what is the object of this society? To spread the gospel is the answer. But what is the gospel? It is a system of religion which declares that man is in a state of moral ruin, that 'the carnal mind is enemy against God';—that no man can be saved except through the merits of the Redeemer, and by the sovereign, sanctifying efficacy of his grace, and that though we 'should give all our goods in public charities,—and our bodies to be burned,' without holy love, we are nothing."

"I plead for no dogmas of technical theology. Let bickerings about names and forms be buried forever. But I plead for the gospel itself. And ask, are there not many who promote the cause of missions on the general assumption that religion is a good thing, is friendly to the interests of philanthropy, and civilization, and social order; who, the moment you avow your belief of the gospel, as Jesus and his apostles gave it to the world, will abandon your society, and stigmatize it with the charge of sectarian narrowness."

The decrease of a sectarian spirit, and the improvement of Christians generally, in love toward all their brethren in the Lord Jesus, has not failed

to excite lively anticipations of the approaching day when all the watchmen on the walls of Jerusalem, shall see eye to eye. "Union in a good cause, and from good principles, is a good thing;—but we should not give up the gospel for the sake of union; nor be so civil to each other, as to forget the respect that is due to our Master."

"A compromise, call it what we will, that rests on the basis of an indefinite charity, and that overlooks or deliberately sacrifices the grand essentials of Christianity, is a building of hay, wood, and stubble; it will not stand fire. Let the experiment be tried for a few generations, on this ground, consecrated by the faith and sufferings of our pious ancestors, and the glory of these churches would depart. Let the religious institutions, the pulpits, and the books of Christians, sink out of sight the peculiar doctrines of the cross, for a century, and what new achievement under the banner of the gospel would signalize the period? The vanquished foe would return to the charge. Every inch of territory conquered by the armies of Immanuel must be abandoned, and paganism would roll back its tide of darkness on the world."

If societies cannot obtain funds, without sinking the tone of religious sentiment, without keeping out of sight such doctrinal views as are repulsive to popular taste, then let them languish.

"From the same principle the religion of the heart and closet is in danger."

"To the question which was put to our Saviour, 'When the kingdom of God should come?' he answered, 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation;' (that is, outward show) neither shall they say lo here! or lo there! for behold the kingdom of God is within you." The untentative religion of the gospel, did not please those who expected the reign of Messiah to be characterized by state and parade.

"Now when the humble disciple of Jesus, at this day, finds the religion of his master invested with an array of splendor, to give it acceptance with the world, is there no danger to his heart? When he finds himself associated in efforts to promote religion, with the great, and the gay, and the fashionable, many of whom would think it needless in him to mention in their presence, any subject of serious piety;—is there no danger to his heart? When he recollects that his name is to be published, and that every dollar he gives, and every effort he makes, is to be proclaimed through the press;—is there no danger to his heart?"

"Brethren the taste of the times is to cry, 'lo here! and lo there!' But the Christian who delights only in the bustle and whirl of public engagements, and neglects his communion with God in secret, 'wounds his own soul.' The plant of piety cannot be permanently fair, flourishing and fruitful, unless its root is watered in the retirement of the closet."

"Another danger to which the public act of our religion exposes us, is that of identifying the cause of Christianity with ourselves."

"It results from the constitution of our minds, that action is enjoyment. This intrinsic enjoyment of action, the Christian may mistake for pious feeling. There is special danger that he will thus mistake, when the objects which awaken his efforts is religion; and when it is a great religious object, in which numbers are engaged, and his excitement is heightened by social sympathies. This object in its progress, perhaps associates him with respectable men, and presents him advantageously to his own view, and the view of others. Perhaps some prominent and responsible service is allotted to him, which puts in requisition his energy, and enterprise, and influence over his fellow men. Certainly the ardor of his heart may rise with these circumstances, on purely incidental principles. But it may rise too, on other principles. The secret spring of his zeal may be, that the prosperity of this good cause, is honorable to his own efforts. The elevation of this good object, makes himself conspicuous."

The reality of this danger is inferred from that multiplication of offices in benevolent societies, which is deemed indispensable to their success. "In this age of overflowing benevolence, this dawn of the millennium, Christians must be flattered by votes of thanks, by a cautious respect to their pride, and their opinions, to secure their cooperation in the cause of their Redeemer! O Jesus, Master! give us thy spirit, that we may be worthy to be called thy disciples."

This "disposition to identify ourselves with the great objects of benevolence," exposes "these objects themselves, to dangers of very serious aspect."

Hence "the tendency of individuals to exalt in their regard, one part of a grand system, at the expense of the other parts. One becomes an exclusive advocate for this charity, and another for that," according to their individual agency in the management of the concerns of their respective Societies.

Hence also, good men contract localities of feeling. The interest of their neighbourhood, their party, of their College, of their personal publication, (or whatever happens to be the favorite object), because it is their's, is magnified into pre-eminent importance. Hence minor and temporary objects of benevolence, that concern only one village, or family, or individual, are exalted into a competition with the paramount interests of the church. Hence public streams of charity, distracted; and the little streams of charity, which ought to fall into a common current, and swell the tide of that mighty river, which is to make glad the city of God, become so many counter currents, crossing each others course in every direction."

Christians ought to rise above all this littleness to more adequate views of what their religion requires. They are brethren. They have a great common interest, a great common work to perform. Away with rivalries and collisions."

Though this discourse was designed originally for the special improvement of "students preparing for the ministry," who will hereafter be placed in circumstances of high responsibility, yet we cannot but regard it as admirably adapted to present needs.

"The repeated journeys, which the author has been called to make, on account of his health, have given him opportunity to observe extensively the influence of multiplied applications for charity, towards small and distant objects. A few letters, for example, undertake to erect or repair a church, or to establish an Academy. They possess no means of their own, but entertain no doubt that, in this period of liberality, sufficient aid can be obtained from the public. An agent is dispatched to distant parts of the country, who presents his solicitation on strangers, perhaps with an untiring pertinacity, proportioned to his own want of intelligence, and delicacy of feeling. Now, if he succeeds to collect more than enough to defray the charges of his journey, it is done at the expense of confounding great with small objects of charity, or of alienating many minds from all such objects. The general principle applicable to a local case, doubtless is, that good objects of their own region, should seek help chiefly from their own region; for the same reason that a necessitous individual should ask alms where he is known. And it is equally obvious that the resources of distant regions, should be promptly thrown into the concern of charity, in behalf of objects equally the concern of all,—objects that have no 'local habitation' but the hearts of Christians."

more public confidence in the pure motives which govern those men who are most indefatigable in their efforts for the success of the cause of missions. It cannot be denied that there are dangers attendant on doing good; and it is the duty of God's ambassadors to point them out clearly, and warn the Christian public against them. Let them be understood. Let them be avoided. Let the adversary have no occasion to speak reproachfully. We cannot close our extracts without adding the following eloquent appeal:

"What conclusions then shall we draw from the admonitions of this subject? Because our labors of benevolence are attended with difficulties, shall we fold our hands, and relapse into that slumber which has so long been the reproach of the church? Shall we abandon our charitable societies, and our enterprises of benevolence, because they are connected with dangers? As well might we give our food, because we are warned against the impotency of our breath, to avoid the point of impotency; or our breath, because they give us the Sabbath and the Bible, because they are liable to abuse;—and the church itself because its glory is tarnished by the imperfection of its members. No, brethren!—the work of this age is but just commenced. Christians of former days have slept soundly, and the long arrears of their neglected labors fall upon our hands. We have slept too, and at this moment, notwithstanding the eulogies we bestow on our own zeal, compared with the slumbers of the past, we are but half awake. The day is far spent;—the mighty task of evangelizing the world is before us, and yet we have but just begun to open our eyes. Surely this is not the time to be increased a hundred fold. No,—they must be increased a hundred fold. New enterprises must be undertaken, new societies formed, new sources of revenue for the church devised. Every heart must be braced with a higher impulse. And these measures must be increased strength. The world must be called in to aid them. And there must be anniversaries, and addresses, and subscriptions. The names of the benevolent and their good deeds must be made known, as examples to others. Christians must encounter all the dangers of leading on these public movements; but Christians must take care of their hearts. To act well their part in this day, they must have grace enough to mingle with the current of the world; grace enough to meet applause or reproach, and grace enough to meet a favor of the Christians still. They must have a fervor of zeal not to be chilled by coming in contact with the frost of apathy; a firmness of faith not to be staggered by the shock of opposition."

#### THE CHRISTIAN WORLD UNMASKED.

A new edition of this work has been recently published in this city and deserves a share of public patronage. We should judge the author to have been intimately acquainted with the windings of the human heart, and to have studied divinity rather at the firesides of his parishioners, than at the schools of the prophets. He shows himself fully master of his subject, and strips the self-conceited professor of the filthy rags of his own right-connexions with a bold hand. The fallacies on which the great mass of sinners in Christendom build their hopes, are ably exposed. The Christian character is faithfully delineated in the progress of the work, and very few who wish to be able to give a reason for the hope that is in them, will rise from the perusal of it without sensible benefit.

The style of the work is peculiar. If it will not sometimes excite a smile, when it ought to draw a tear, we much mistake its character. It is admirably well calculated to attract the attention of a certain class of readers who love novelty, and a plainness that sometimes borders on coarseness;—and it will hardly fail to convince any man who reads it with candor, that there is a difference *to* *only* between the religion of the Bible and the religion of nominal Christians. And we would hope, that in many instances it might reach the heart, and produce at once a salutary and abiding impression there. It is not the best devotional book extant, but it is full of important truth, and can be read by no serious mind without advantage.

In past numbers of the Recorder, we have occasionally inserted letters from the pen of Mr. Bridgman to his friends,—taken from the London Investigator,—where the same style appears, which marks this volume. He was evidently a spiritual man, and devoted himself with great fidelity and success to the work of the ministry. We have not room for quotations from the work,—nor if we had, would it be possible to give a fair view of it? It must be read thoroughly in order to be understood and justly appreciated.

His Epitaph—written it is presumed by himself—furnishes a miniature portrait of his mind.

#### HERE LIE

THE earthly remains of

JOHN BRIDGE,

Late Vicar of Everton, and an itinerant Servant of Jesus Christ, who loved his Master and his work; and after running on his errands many years, Was caught up to wait on him above.

#### READER!

Art thou born again?  
No salvation without a new birth.  
I was born in sin, February, 1716,  
Remained ignorant of my fallen state till 1730,  
Lived proudly on faith and works for salvation till 1754,  
Admitted to Everton Vicarage 1755,  
Fled to Jesus alone for refuge 1756,  
Fell asleep in Christ, January 23d, 1793.

#### DOMESTIC MISSIONARY SOCIETY, CONN.

The seventh anniversary of this Society was held at Windsor, June 17, 1823. The Officers are, Rev. N. W. Taylor, Secretary; S. J. Hitchcock, Treasurer; R. S. Skinner, Auditor; and eighteen Directors. Ten Missionaries have been employed the last year; all of them are located and ordained ministers. One parish that has been vacant ever since the American Revolution, has recently settled a minister, by the aid of the Society, with prospects of usefulness. Another parish that had been reduced to 39 families, and where a small ministerial salary must require a tax of 15 cents on the dollar, is rejoicing in the labors and successes of a faithful pastor. A third broken parish, has enjoyed a Revival through the instrumentality of a missionary, which has prepared the way for the settlement of their present minister. A fourth parish had become discouraged, divided, and was a failure. A missionary exertions of a few weeks, resulted in some instances of conversion, and in a general resolution to obtain the regular administration of the ordinances. A minister has been installed, and the despoiled people of God comforted. Another Society containing about 40 families, ascribes the settlement of its minister to the assistance of the Domestic Missionary Society—

and has acquired so much strength as to be able after the present year to support the gospel without the aid of the charitable in other places. In this place there has been an unusual attention to religion.—A sixth parish is yet very weak—but though left vacant by the death of their minister, they have been favored in the settlement of another, and the cause of truth is evidently gaining ground over error and sin.—Another Society which is very small, and has gone through severe trials, is now enjoying the ordinances of religion in a new meeting house, recently built by its own contributions. Until within three or four years, there was never a charitable society within the parish—now, they have a Cent Society, and a female Corban Society. Prospects are encouraging.—In another Church under the patronage of the Domestic Missionary Society, discipline has become necessary, and three persons have been excommunicated the past year. The consequence has been happy: The Church has become more prayerful and active. Several of the impenitent have been hopelessly converted to God. From 20 to 25 give comfortable evidence of having passed from death unto life. The Sabbath school flourishes. The congregation increases.—Another parish had but one settled minister who labored forty years. They were then vacant 13 years. At the settlement of their present minister, the friends of Zion there, were few, and scattered like sheep on the mountains; They had been waiting to gain more strength—but the consequence was, that they lost well nigh all the ability both moral and physical which they once possessed, and but for the encouragement of the Domestic Missionary Society, must have been ruined. They exerted themselves—Providence smiled—religion revived—30 hopeful conversions followed—the congregations on the Sabbath have increased one third if not half within 18 months. A female charitable Society has been formed which has contributed in money and clothing for missionaries at least \$100—and other donations and contributions to various benevolent institutions, have amounted to \$100 more. On the whole the Society is evidently putting forth the energies of returning life.—The tenth parish had been in a state of awful stupidity for many years. Last summer things appeared more gloomy than ever, and so continued till April last. Since that time the means of grace have been blessed. Eighteen persons are hopeful converts—a number more are under conviction—in June, appearances were more interesting than ever.

These are the fruits of Domestic Missionary exertions in the sister State of Connecticut! Will not Christians in Massachusetts more generally come forward & engage in these labors of love, for their suffering brethren in our own waste places?

#### AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

An Address from the Board of Managers to the public is published in the National Intelligencer of the 12th inst. A large increase of funds is requisite to give adequate security to the Colony already established at Cape Montserado, and to carry into full effect the benevolent purposes of the Society. The territory purchased in Africa, proves to have been judiciously selected, and combines a greater number of advantages for a colonial establishment, than any other situation on the coast. The number of colonists, including those last sent out amounts to about 130.—The African tribes in the neighborhood are neither ferocious nor brave—they are treacherous; and under the influence of slave dealers, they are constantly incited to plunder and murder. It seems necessary to increase the colony by new emigrants—to supply them with the implements of husbandry, and with the means of subsistence for a few months, after which they will be able to provide for themselves. It is wished to send several vessels to the African coast in the ensuing Fall, and without delay to adopt and execute such other measures, as may contribute to the strength and prosperity of the Colony.

Health and harmony now prevail in the Colony. A suitable house has been prepared for the Agent—a tower of strong masonry work has been erected for a defence against the barbarians. Prospects are highly animating;—with the blessing of heaven so richly enjoyed hitherto, nothing is wanting to complete success, but enlarged resources. Auxiliary Institutions that have funds in possession, and benevolent individuals are earnestly requested to transmit their donations immediately to Richard Smith, Esq. Treasurer, Washington.

#### UNIVERSALISTS.

A writer in the "Gospel Herald," states that there are now eight periodical publications devoted to the interests of this denomination in the United States—four in New-England—one in Philadelphia, and three in the State of New-York—"not less than 10,000 copies of these different papers are subscribed for, and in constant circulation"—probably thousands more are distributed gratuitously—"there is no state, district, or section of country where they are not more or less known and read." Do not such facts call for increased vigilance and exertions from the friends of Truth in the circulation of religious tracts, magazines, papers, &c.?

The Universalists have about 120 preachers. They have about 200 separate Societies in the United States, of which 70 are in the State of New-York. Beside these, there are "numbers of believers in the doctrine of universal purity and happiness, scattered abroad."—"in single families"—or "under circumstances which absolutely forbid their personal fellowship with any congregation of believers?" Who can doubt this, and at the same time believe that the carnal mind is enmity against God? We only wonder that after all the exertions of Universalists for fifty years in this country to make proselytes to the doctrine, "Ye shall not surely die," they can yet boast of no more than 200 societies, some of them consisting of "not more than 15 or 20 persons, and of 120 preachers."

Religion of Universalists.—Text. "Real religion progresses in exactly the ratio that liberal feelings and opinions are cherished."—Gospel Herald, Vol. 4, page 63.

Comment. "If it is possible to concentrate all the essence of the most abominable, cruel, unatural, vile, wicked, diabolical, and outrageously perverse principles in creation, into one common focus, that focus is Calvinism. The devil

himself, is almost a saint (quite—we should think according to the doctrine of "universal purity and happiness,") compared with the nameless thing, these religionists, i. e. Calvinists, pretend to worship."—Gospel Herald, Vol. 4, page 57.

It would seem that real religion must be at rather a low ebb among the Universalists, if this is all their liberality toward so large a portion of the Christian world as must be considered Calvinistic.

#### RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

New-Haven Female Education Society.—The receipts of this Society the past year amount to \$1089, 99—\$575, 66 cash—\$511, 33 in bedding, clothing, &c. This sum is smaller by \$647, 06 than the amount received the preceding year. Between 30 and 40 young men are depending on this Society for assistance.

Dr. Everett's Legacy to the General Association of Connecticut.—The annual income of this legacy is estimated at nearly \$200. A committee appointed by the General Association to fix on the particular object to which this amount should be appropriated, have reported in favour of assisting some pious and indigent student or students in Yale College—and of denominating this charity the Everett Scholarship. This report was accepted, and probably the first beneficiary will be selected in September next.

Revival.—In County line, and in Columbia County, Georgia, says the Columbian Star, the Lord has begun a good work. In each of the two churches in Damascus and Sharon, about 20 or 30 have been added.

Operations of the Slave Trade.—The following paragraph from the Agent of the American Colonization Society at Monserado states a fact, which while it excites commiseration for the unhappy sons of Africa, will draw forth from every pious heart, earnest prayers for the coming of the day when Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands unto God.

"King Boatwain, our most powerful supporter and steady friend among the Natives, (so he has uniformly shown himself,) received a quantity of goods on trust from a French Slave, for which he stipulated to pay young slaves. He makes it a point of honor to be punctual to his engagements. The time was at hand when he expected the return of the Slave. He had not the slaves. Looking around on the peaceable tribes about him for his victims, he singled out the Quahs a small agricultural and trading people, of the most inoffensive character. His warriors were skillfully distributed to the different hamlets, and making a simultaneous assault on the sleeping occupants, in the dead of the night, accomplished, without difficulty or resistance, in one hour, the annihilation of the whole tribe. Every adult man and woman was murdered; every hut fired; very young children generally shared the fate of their parents. The boys and girls alone were reserved to pay the Frenchman."

#### TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"SERVO" is so wide of the truth in his statements, that we really cannot satisfy ourselves whether he writes in jest or in earnest. We will assure him, however, that as soon as he shall have "constructed a Canal from Lake Erie to Boston," for "a million and a half of dollars," or as soon as he shall point out the items that make up the same amount contributed in this country for Foreign Missions, we will publish his communication.

Ordination.—The Rev. AUGUSTUS B. REED was ordained over the Congregational Church and Society in the village of Fall River, Troy, Mass., on the 2d inst.—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Holmes, of New-Bedford; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Rehoboth; Consecrating Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Wright, of Bristol, R. I.; Charge to the Pastor, by Rev. Mr. Fiske, of Wrentham; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Brigham, of Randolph; Charge to the People, by Rev. Mr. Huntington, of Bridgewater; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Mann, of Bristol, R. I. [Communicated.]

#### ANNIVERSARY.

The New-Hampshire Baptist Domestic Mission Society held its fourth anniversary in Bow, at the Rev. Mr. Veazey's Meeting-house. Rev. George Keely of Haverhill, (Mass.) preached the introductory Sermon from John iv. 38. It was appropriate and highly interesting. The Secretary's and Treasurer's Reports were then read, accepted and voted to be printed.

Votes of thanks to the officers and Societies, and individuals who had contributed to the funds, were passed, and several very interesting addresses were made to the Society by various ministers present. Rev. Otis Robinson Secretary of Salisbury, preached a solemn and interesting discourse from Hagai, 1st chap. 8th verse. A collection was taken for Missionary purposes. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year—

Rev. OTIS ROBINSON, President; Rev. Ferdinand Ellis, V. President; Rev. C. O. Kimball, Cor. Secretary; Rev. Henry Veazey, Rec. Secretary; Dea. William Cate, Treasurer.

Trustees.—Rev. Messrs. W. Taylor, P. Richardson, John Crockett, S. Pillsbury, J. B. Gibson, I. Stone, and N. Ames. [N. H. Repository.]

#### POLITICAL SUMMARY.

##### FOREIGN.

Spain.—By an arrival at New-York, from Liverpool, intelligence has been received from Madrid, as late as the 6th of June. By which it appears, that the Regency, formed at Madrid, by the Duke d'Angouleme, had, as one of its first acts, appointed Ambassadors to all the Courts in Europe.

The troops which were in Madrid, under Abisbal, have retired to Talavera. It appears that very little is doing to check the progress of the invaders. On the contrary, an address to the Duke d'Angouleme, signed by more than thirty Spanish Dukes, Counts, Marquises, &c. contains the following passage. "Accomplish, sir, accomplish, speedily and happily, your noble mission. Unite the liberty of your blood to the just hopes of a nation the friend of France."

The army of the faith has named a Junta of Ecclesiastics, at Saragossa, which has ordered a contribution of a million of francs, to be collected in twenty-four hours, principally from the Constitutionals.

Reports were circulated at Bayonne, that Mina had gained a victory over Donadieu on the 19th of May, and had taken him a prisoner, and that Gen. Curial had been beaten in several successive engagements.

Twenty-five privateers had sailed from Barcelona and Mahon, to cruise against the French merchant ships.

Great Britain.—The King of England has prohibited by proclamation, any of his subjects from engaging themselves, and from fitting out any vessels to engage in any foreign service to promote war.

Ireland.—Outrages still continue to be perpetrated in Ireland. Murder, robbery, and house burning, were carried on by Capt. Rock and his party.

House of Commons.—The Reciprocity Duty Bill, giving to the vessels of all nations equal privileges with her own, was before the House of Commons, in Committee of the whole, and agreed to on Friday June 6th.

The Liverpool Courier congratulates the country on recovering from its recent depression, and states that the manufacturing districts, and the mercantile, and commercial interest, are in a state of unusual prosperity.

Portugal.—Revolution.—By an arrival in Philadelphia, in 32 days from St. Ubes, we learn that 10,000 men, under Gen. Sapelveda, revolted and declared in favor of the king, on the 27th of May. Gen. Sapelveda, who had the implicit confidence of the Cortes, had brought the Revolution to its height in the most secret manner, by bribing the soldiers and non-commissioned officers. After the revolt the General waited upon the king, expecting to receive a reward for his fidelity; but the king would not receive him, and he was afterwards severely beaten by his own troops. When the intelligence of the revolt reached St. Ubes, one regiment of the troops compelled the inhabitants to illuminate their dwellings, and placed a corporal in command of the regiment, and forced the Colonel into the ranks. At Lisbon business was suspended; the prisons, containing 5000 prisoners, were left unprotected, and in one prison (St. George's Castle) 500 prisoners formed a well digested plan to burn the town, and confiscate the property of the merchants and the banks, but their plot was detected by the city guard.

Egypt.—In the carrying trade of Egypt and the Archipelago, in consequence of the war between the Greeks and the Turks, are employed vessels, Austrian 292, English 223, Sardinian 143, Swedish 76, French 57, Spanish 54, Danish 15, Russian 10, Dutch 2.

Constantinople is said to enjoy entire tranquillity. Bujuckdere, Fera, Candia, and Tyre, are suffering from the plague—and in Alexandria there are some cases of it.

Mexico.—Intelligence is received from Mexico to the 13th of May. The Congress had issued five decrees in April. By the first the abdication of Don Augustine de Iturbide is announced, and he is banished on condition that \$25,000 annually be allowed him if he resides in Italy, and 8000 annually to his family after his death. By the second decree, he is to be styled His Excellency. By a third, all persons who shall utter cries in his favor, are to be regarded as traitors. The fourth and fifth relate to provincial organizations, and the national arms.

Russia.—Letters from St. Petersburg, announce that the commencement of hostilities between Russia and the Porte, is not far distant.

The Pirates.—In a letter received from Commodore Porter, dated Sea Gull, June 11th, 1823, he writes, "piracy is down on this side of the island, and I hope soon to give an account of the other side, where a pirate has lately appeared and captured two vessels. There has not been a single act of piracy committed here since I came on the coast. The importance of this station (Key West) appears daily more important to me. It ought to be well fortified, and there would be then nothing to be apprehended from pirates. It is to this sea, what Gibraltar is to the Mediterranean, and might be fortified at a small expense."

Steam Boat Navigation.—A Steam Boat of 300 tons fitted up in the most elegant style is to leave London for Cadiz every Saturday.

In India, arrangements have been made, with the concurrence of government, to convey goods and passengers to Grand Cairo, in Steam Ships.

#### DOMESTIC.

Education.—Mr. John Oliver of Baltimore, Md. lately deceased, bequeathed \$20,000 to the Hibernia Society for the education of poor children.

William Walker, Esq. of Putnam County, Ga. has given \$2500 to the Columbian College, D. C. for the establishment of the Walker Scholarship.

Town Meeting in Burlington, Vt.—The question is before the inhabitants of the town, whether the claims of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to certain lands in that town shall be allowed. The claim, which is of considerable magnitude is supposed to rest on the same principles, as that decided in favor of the Society at the last term of the Supreme Court of the U. States.

Mr. Moreau, the distinguished traveller, who presented the remonstrance against the Slave Trade to the Government of France, and who is the author of the work entitled "Casts of India" and has the reputation of a distinguished oriental scholar, lately left New-York city, to visit the Indian nations, in the Western District of the State, and in Upper Canada, for the purpose of comparing their language with the Sanscrit and Asiatic languages.

Signers of the Declaration of Independence.—Only three of these Patriots were living to see the forty-seventh anniversary of their great work. ADAMS, CARROLL, and JEFFERSON.

Savings' Bank, Boston.—During the last six months there have been 1449 deposits, of which 415 were from new depositors. The amount deposited was \$58,428, the demands on the Institution amount to \$528,222, to meet which, it has ample means. The expense of the institution does not exceed \$1400 annually. All its affairs are prosperous. It is thought by the Treasurer that the dividend may be hereafter increased.

Courts of Conciliation.—A bill for establishing Courts of Conciliation, (the object of which was to reconcile parties before going to law) has been lost in the Legislature of Florida, after a spirited debate, and an almost equal division of the Legislative council for and against the Bill.

Post Office Department.—The expenses of the office the last quarter are said to be \$40,000 above the receipts. This deficit is attributed by the Post Master General to the want of punctuality of Post Masters in the payment of quarter bills.

The present Post Master General has issued a Circular letter, in which he informs Post Masters, that if the mail does not reach the place of destination, at the time appointed, or if it is injured for want of proper protection from storms, a fine will be imposed for negligence.

Population of Lower Canada.—According to the census of 1822, the whole population is 364,546.—This population is thus divided. District of Quebec contains 114,546. District of Three Rivers, 44,144. District of Montreal, 201,372. The City of Quebec contains 14,880, and Montreal 15,909.

Accidents.—Miss Eliza Gillard was drowned at Pittsburg, Penn. on the 4th of July, on her return with a party of pleasure, which had been out on the water to celebrate the day.

Two men at Black Rock, N. Y. were shockingly mangled by the unexpected discharge of a cannon on the 4th of July. Defoe's arm was so badly injured that he had to suffer amputation, & Spooner lost his eye, and had his face otherwise shockingly torn.

In South Hadley, Mass. Andrew Judd, aged 11 years was drowned in a mill pond where he had gone with 14 or 15 boys to bathe.

In Westhampton, the house of Mr. Ezekiah Wright was struck with lightning, and literally torn to pieces; the chimney was torn open, 100 lights of glass broken; many boards torn off; some furniture dashed to pieces; doors forced from their hinges, and the floors torn up. Ten persons were in the house, and none of them were killed, though some of them were much injured.

How long before the repeated and terrific effects of lightning, which are continually reaching us from every place, shall cause our inhabitants to procure that simple, and cheap, and almost perfect protection, the lightning rod?

Destructive Fire in Philadelphia.—More destructive than any one known in the same city during the last fourteen years. It broke out in the Northern Liberties on the 16th, at 3 o'clock in

the morning, and consumed between twenty and thirty houses.

Effects of Lightning at Sea.—The schooner Mariner, on her passage from Charleston to Norfolk, was recently struck with lightning. The Capt. and two mates, and all the crew were knocked down, and remained senseless from five to ten minutes. John Pedro, a Portuguese was killed.

Cruelty to Animals.—Peter Cockran, of New-Hampshire, was lately indicted before the Municipal Court in Boston, for whipping a horse with cruelty in the streets of this city. The defendant mitigated the sentence against him by proving that he sustained a good character, that he was poor, that he had been twice brought from N. H. to attend Court, at a great expense.

Gold Mine in North Carolina.—By a letter from Col. Kerr, who is one of the proprietors, to a friend in Washington, which was accompanied by several specimens of the ore, it appears that 30 men are now successfully employed in working it; that soon 200 men are to be employed that the ore is very rich; that four men found \$93 worth in two days, which is about the average of the labor; that one poor man found a mass worth \$1700; that the bed is about two miles wide, and forms a part of a vein extending from Deep to Savannah river.

Fruits of the Earth.—In the island of St. Michael, 20,000 oranges have been gathered from one tree.

Mr. Jacob Snyder, of Marbletown, Ulster county, N. Y. has raised the present season, 1520 fold from a single kernel of rye.

The Season.—Letters from different parts of Virginia, concur in stating that the corn crops, concerning which there have been so many fearful apprehensions, have assumed a new appearance, and now promise an abundant harvest. Letters from New Orleans, state that the cotton and sugar plantations on the Mississippi, have been extensively injured by the late inundations of that river.

The Wilmington, Del. Repository, of July 18th says, we were favored on Tuesday afternoon last with a most invigorating shower of rain, which was much needed, to bring forward the fall crops. The harvest just gathered is as good as usual, and the prospects for the remainder of the season are flattering.

Within a few days copious showers of rain have refreshed all New-England, so that the season is now represented as never more promising.

#### MARRIAGES.

In Boston, Mr. Ebenezer N. Hunting to Miss Elizabeth Coolidge; On Tuesday evening by Rev. Dr. Gardner, John Parkinson, Esq. to Miss Anne O. Davis; On Monday evening by Rev. Mr. Winer, Mr. Josiah F. Bumstead, merchant, to Miss Lucy D. daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Willis.

In Cambridge, Benjamin Carpenter to Mrs. Deborah Austin.—In Roxbury, Mr. John Williams, merchant of this city, to Miss Mary Ann Davis.—Mr. William Whiting, (firm of Hall & Whiting, of Boston,) to Miss Nancy Davis.—In Danvers, Mr. Charles P. Gordon, of Boston, to Miss Sally Searl.—In Nantucket, Mr. Samuel S. Daggett to Miss Lydia Giles; Capt. Thomas Hiller, jun. to Miss Sarah B. Coffin.—In Charleston, Mr. James Marsh to Miss Mary Ann Gotham, of Newburyport.—In Hingham, Mr. Henry Nye to Miss Sarah L. Barnes.—In Salem, Mr. Joseph Merrill to Miss Hannah Hill.—In Barnstable, Richard S. Wood, Esq. to Miss Sarah Dimmick.—In Cranston, Mr. William Jenkins to Miss Anne Almy.

In Exeter, N. H. Mr. Heman Ladd, of Haverhill, to Miss Hannah Gilman.—In Scarborough, Mr. Wm. L. Maynard of Boston, to Miss Lydia Jones, daughter of Samuel Thompson, Esq. of the former place.—In N. Carolina, Hon. Weldon Edwards to Miss Lucy Northcutt.—In Smithfield, R. I. Dr. George Capron, of N. Providence, to Miss Clarist Brown.—In Newcastles, Me. Mr. Horace Osgood, of Charleston, Mass. to Miss Elizabeth Erskine.—In Bangor, Me. Frederick Hobbs, Esq. to Miss Mary Jane, daughter of Philip Combs, Esq.—At Green Bay, Lieut. A. M. Wright, of the U. S. Army, to Miss Rebecca Whistler.

#### DEATHS.

In Boston, on Tuesday evening, Mr. John Waterman, aged 43; On Tuesday morning last, suddenly Mr. Ezra Hyde, 43; On Wednesday, Mrs. Tamson Haynes, 49; At the Arms-House, Mr. William H. Dykes; Mr. Ephraim B. Hutchinson, 33; Mr. Reuben B. Wilson, 33; Mrs. Sophia Ganga, 27; Mr. Ethan Whitney, 33; Mrs. Lucy Humphreys; Ann Swift, 3.—Death occasioned by her clothes taking fire.

In Roxbury, Mr. William Hazlett.—In Braintree, Caleb French, Esq. 66.—In Haverhill, widow Mary Carleton, 74.—In Nantucket, Capt. Peter F. Coffin, 44.—Mr. Francis Joy, 27; Capt. John Harps, 41; Mrs. Eunice, wife of Mr. Jacob Alley, 84. Mrs. Judith, relict of Capt. Nathaniel Russell, 77; Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr. Benj. Blackwell, 23; Mr. Horatio Knapp, 25, formerly of Bridgton, Me.—In Sterling 9th inst. Mrs. Rebekah R. wife of Mr. Ezekiel Kendall, jun. 31.—In New-Salem, Varney Pearce, Esq.—In Holden, Capt. Samuel Hubbard, 39.—In Foxboro', Mr. Simon Petee, 74.—In Charlton, Mrs. Charissa Thompson, wife of Mr. Elijah T. 37.—In Northampton, Mr. Eleazer Strong, jun. 41.—In Dedham, Mr. Abner Ellis, 61.—In Somerset, Mr. John Anthony, 72.—In Dartmouth, Mr. Richard Nickerson, 37.—In Barre, Dr. Ephraim Brooks.

In Portland, Me. Mrs. Dolly, wife of Rev. Thos. B. Ripley, 23.—In Exeter, N. H. Mr. Nathaniel Peabody, 82.—In Hanover, N. H. June 25, Mrs. Caroline Matilda, widow of the late Rev. Benjamin Chapman, of Eggecombe, Me. and daughter of Dea. Caleb Fuller of Hanover 52.—In Millford, N. H. July 19th, Louisa D. only daughter of Andrew B. Foster, of Dorchester, 17 mo.—In East-Hartford, Conn. Gen. Shubael Griswold, 82.—In Manchester, Conn. Rev. Elisha B. Cooke.—In Concord, N. H. Lieut. Richard Herbert, 94.—In Canandaigua, Maj. Wm. Shepard, 63.—In Richmond, Va. Mr. Marcus Levi, 30.—In B. Carolina, Hon. Benjamin Huger.—In New Orleans, Capt. Edmund Freeman, of brig Oracle of this port.—In Natchez, Walter M. Leake, Esq. Marshal of Mississippi State.—At Sea, Mr. Edward Corvill, a seaman, of Boston, coming from France.

In Paris, June 2d, Louis NICHOLAS D'ARCY, Prince of Eckmuhl, Duke of Auerstadt, and Marshall of France, 53.

#### MEDICAL LECTURES.

THE Medical Lectures at Dartmouth College, will commence this season a fortnight after Commencement,—viz.: Thursday the 4th of September and continue thirteen weeks.

Hanover, N. H. July 5, 1823. 30

#### DR. WOODS' CONVENTION SERMON.

THIS day published, and for sale by LINCOLN & EDMANES, No. 53, Cornhill. A Sermon, delivered in Boston, before the Convention of Congregational Ministers in Massachusetts, May 29, 1823. By LEONARD WOODS, D.D. July 26.

#### TO PAPER MAKERS.

WANTED a quantity of large Demy Printing Paper, worth \$2 to \$2.50 per Ream—payable in Testaments, bound—a part or the whole to be delivered in the month of August.—Samples, terms, &c. may be sent to R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, No. 2, Cornhill Square, Boston. July 26.

H. WILBUR proposes the formation of a Class of Young Ladies, for instruction in the highly useful branches of Rhetoric and Composition. Plan of the Exercises, and Terms of Instruction, made known on application at the rooms of his Academy, under Chauncy-Place Church. References—Rev. Messrs. Winer and Green. July 26.

## POET'S CORNER.

From the N. Y. Christian Herald.  
JUDAH'S LOSS.

How oft, when musing on the changeable past,  
Does busy recollection call to mind,  
A thousand bright, and pleasing, airy forms,  
Which sport as they fit along, like scenes,  
Which fancy opens in the midnight dream.  
How oft do we recall the countless joys  
Of early years, made doubly sweet by those,  
Whose names are graven deeply on our hearts,  
But who themselves sleep low and silently.  
Last time we heard the converse of our friends,  
In the sad parting hour, who can forget?  
Who would forget, though recollection be  
A pang.

There is an hour  
More serious than all others; when the soul  
Looks fearfully upon that dark abyss,  
O'er which so soon she is to wing her way,  
And in that fitful, powerless flight, to seek  
Her last abode.

The death-bed is a pulpit,  
From which we all must preach. Oft has it spoke  
Its terrors to the stoutest hearts. It speaks;  
Nor speaks it aught but truth. 'T would ill beseem  
Mystery to lurk in such a place.  
The death-bed is an inn, where all must lodge.  
Though long and wearisome may be our way,  
Our journey here must end. \* \* \* \* \*  
Once in a dreamy vision of the night  
I thought I stood beside the bed of death.  
And he who lay thereon was much beloved.  
He had dispensed the messages of grace  
To guilty men, pointing the wayward soul  
To heaven. He lived a blameless life—a life  
Of piety, devoted to the cause  
Of his beloved Master—heeded not  
The voice of bitter scorn—regarded not  
The frowns and mockings of a scowling world.  
He sought to know his duty, and when known,  
His duty to perform. He deeply felt  
For hapless millions of our guilty race,  
Who, in unbroken ranks, from Judah's lands  
Are rushing to the world of woe. How calm  
That day had him, above all other days!  
The sun had sunk just to the verge of even,  
And still was shedding on the verdant fields,  
His mellow lustre. Short had been his course,  
Athwart the heavens—emblem of his, who now  
Cast his last look upon his setting beams.  
His pilgrimage on earth was short, and wearisome  
His sojourn in this vale of woes and tears.  
Painful it is to leave our native land,  
Place of our birth, to sunder from our hearts,  
Those silken chords, which bind us to our homes,  
And bid our country and our friends beloved,  
Farewell forever. Yet he had left his friends,  
And home, and all that's dear, to seek a land  
Of strangers—a far famed city, which once  
Was Judah's boast; where oft the choral hymns  
Of morn and evening sacrifice had rung  
From sweetest harps, by Zion's daughter's swept.  
He climbed the rugged steep of Calvary,  
And where was hung the ransom of a world,  
He wide unfurled the banner of the Cross.  
He took the Gospel trumpet, and there blew  
A blast not long, nor loud. Mount Zion heard.  
Although not long, nor loud, the joyful sound  
Pealed o'er the glad hills of Palestine,  
And Judah's daughter, by the dark, blue wave  
Of Babel's river, caught the enrapturing note,  
And snatched her harp from off the willow's  
branch.

She ceased to weep when she remembered Zion.  
She sang a sweeter song than ever rung  
From angels' harp, or Seraph's golden lyre. [sound.  
The waves conveyed the sound, the enchanting  
To Babel's lonely, mouldering towers. The owl,  
That hooted there, quick ceased her hollow wail;  
The famished jackal turned to hear the strain;  
The tumbling ruins, and far distant hills  
Re-echoed back the praise. \* \* \* \* \*

'Tis the third watch of night.  
All now is still—the midnight anthem hushed,  
The Nile rolled dark and heavy on that night,  
And Alexandria seemed involved in gloom.  
Nought could be heard, except the whizzing bat,  
And the hoarse watch-cry of the Turkish soldier.  
Though all was dark without, there was a place,  
Bright with celestial glory. 'T was the verge  
Of heaven. The chamber of the dying saint,  
The martyr of the Cross—how calm—serene!  
How swift and solemn was that passing hour!  
Fast by his side his sole companion sat:  
He who had been companion of his toils. [back,  
How sweet their minutes rolled. Off they looked  
Upon the past with pure delight—and up  
With joy, to the great Future of Love—the Source  
Of all their blessings, and with humble hearts,  
And holy gratitude, for every boon,  
Gave thanks. How ardent, how rich, how short  
Had been his labours, o'er whose peaceful couch,  
In tearful sorrow his associate bent.  
Zion rejoiced, and Judah was made glad,  
By the joyful embassy he bore,  
From Judah's king to long lost Israel.  
Now was his mission ended, and the time  
Of his departure was at hand; for heaven  
Sent the summons—his sovereign called him home.  
Pale grew his cheek, and icy was his arm.  
They talked of parting soon. Oh! it was hard  
To part. Around their hearts a thousand chords  
Of tenderest love were interwoven.  
Long time had they been more than bosom friends.  
Lone brothers were they in a stranger's land.  
'T was hard to part. They talked of meeting soon  
Upon that shore where love eternal reigns;  
And where the wip'd the mourner's tear, and hushed  
The sufferer's sigh; where weary pilgrims rest,  
And where the prisoner is at peace. Oh! yes;  
They talked of meeting soon. 'T was then their  
souls,

By one ecstatic impulse, seemed borne away.  
To the third heaven, and even now seemed to join,  
With that celestial company of saints,  
And angels, who adore around the throne  
Of God. Oh! how unearthly was his transport,  
And ever death how signal was his triumph.  
In his calm eye joy undimmed beamed,  
And hope seraphic lighted up his features.  
While in his peaceful breast 'twas all but heaven.  
Death sped his fatal dart. His soul released  
From its frail tenement, left a mourning world,  
And with attending angels winged his flight  
To heaven.

Heard you that sigh? It was the mourner's sigh.  
Saw you that tear? It was the mourner's tear.  
Well mayest thou mourn, Jerusalem; for lost  
To thee, and Judah's race—to Israel lost  
Is he, who bore thee, graven on his heart.  
Thou little knowest how well he loved thy sons,  
And ye, oh! Salem's daughters: well may grieve  
That solemn dirge, and turn your joy to strife;  
For who shall feel for you, as PARSONS felt. G.

## MISCELLANY.

Communicated for the Boston Recorder.  
MEMOIRS OF REV. HENRY RALSTON AND  
MISS LUCINDA PARKS.  
In three Letters from Mrs. Morten to her Daughter—Founded on fact.

### SECOND LETTER—Continued.

I found myself so much exhausted in strength  
and spirits, that I thought I could not be with you  
until the next day. Your father was there, how-  
ever, at an early hour, and after tarrying a con-  
siderable time in conversing and praying with Lu-  
cinda, he returned with a countenance expressive  
of devout and joyful sensations within. I eagerly  
enquired, "Has Lucinda obtained relief?" He  
replied, she has—and I find great encouragement  
from present appearance, to hope that an effectual  
operation of the divine spirit is begun, and will  
be completed in her eternal salvation. "Then  
my dear husband," returned I, "let us fall upon  
our knees, and render thanksgiving and praise to  
the blessed Author and Giver of this rich grace,  
for which we have so fervently interceded." We  
accordingly did so, and found it a joyful and pro-

ductive exercise. Your father informed me that  
the relief the dear sufferer had obtained to her  
mind, had a salutary influence on her body; that  
she had enjoyed some quiet sleep, and her fever  
was much abated.

Your father was engaged to meet with the mi-  
nisters of his association, and set off immediately,  
and did not return until the next day: so I had no  
time to inquire for particulars in Lucinda's case,  
which I much wished to obtain. I therefore went to  
your uncle's as soon as I felt myself able the next  
day. Your aunt and I met each other with open  
arms, and wept for joy. "Oh, my dear sister,"  
cried your aunt, as soon as she could speak,  
"truly our God is a God who heareth prayer; for  
he has, I confidently hope, begun an operation  
of his power and grace, for the salvation of my  
precious child."

Well, my dear sister, returned I, let me hear  
particulars respecting this happy change in Lu-  
cinda's views. I will inform you, returned she.—  
"After you left us, she remained silent sometime,  
and then began a conversation by saying, 'Oh  
my dear mother, you would be exceedingly  
shocked could you know the dreadful exercises  
of my mind, under my late trials. You often  
told me I had no love to my Maker, that I  
was never truly grateful for any favor he  
bestowed upon me—but I could not realize it.—  
You often spoke to me also of the universal  
providence of God, as superintending all the concerns  
of men, and appointing or permitting every cir-  
cumstance attending ourselves in particular. I  
was thence led to consider him as the principal  
agent in all the distressing events which have  
taken place in our family and connections. I there-  
fore considered him as an enemy to myself, and  
those most dear to me. But Oh, (she cried) I  
dare not, dare not proceed—but I must add,  
that the idea of being at the sole disposal of this  
absolute sovereign God, produced feelings indescrib-  
ably dreadful. I sometimes think I realize the  
torments of the damned, and find the very essence  
of hell within me." "Undoubtedly, my dear  
child," I replied, "your ideas are correct. Yet  
this temper and spirit you find operating in your  
mind, exists in every unregenerate heart. And in-  
deed, it is this enmity and opposition to God,  
which constitutes the essence of eternal misery.  
Hence appears the necessity of that radical change  
so strongly urged by our blessed Saviour, in his  
conversation with Nicodemus under the metaphor  
of a new birth. The same truth is implied in the  
promise of God, made to his ancient people. A  
new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I  
put within you." &c. She appeared deeply inter-  
ested in the subject, and earnestly enquired, "O  
can you tell me, my dear mother, how I shall get  
this new heart?" I replied, my dear child, the  
promise I just mentioned, points you directly to  
him whose sole prerogative it is to bestow this in-  
estimable gift. "O then my dearest mother,"  
rejoined Lucinda, "pray, O pray fervently, that  
this divine gift may be bestowed on your wretched  
child." I replied, "I do pray, more than language  
can express; but I love you (continued I) you  
must pray for yourself." "Oh," cried the dear  
creature, with a countenance expressive of the  
deepest distress, "How can I presume to ask so  
great a favor, or even the least favor of this holy,  
omnipotent God, who has witnessed the operations  
of such an infernal temper and spirit towards him-  
self as I am conscious of." "My dear distressed  
child," returned I, "look to Jesus, the Lamb of  
God who taketh away the sins of the world. He now  
stands ready to remove the ponderous load of guilt  
under which you groan, and answer every demand  
which his father's law can raise against you." I  
continued, "you are very ill my love, you must  
not converse any more at present, but try to com-  
pose your mind and be quiet, possibly you may  
get some sleep, which you much need;"—she com-  
plied and was silent.

The family and attendants were all retired, I  
chose to watch by her alone. Indeed, my heart  
was filled to the brim, and longed for liberty to  
pour out its sorrows into his bosom who alone can  
effectually comfort those who are cast down; and  
blessed be his name for the timely assistance, he  
afforded me in this season of distress. He helped  
me to unburden my soul in prayer. Indeed I had  
comparatively but one petition to urge for my  
child, and that was for the renovation of her nature,  
the pardon of sin, and peace with God through  
Jesus Christ.

Lucinda did not appear to sleep, nor wish to  
speak, for several hours. About midnight, as I  
was giving her a medicine, I said, "How do you  
feel my dear?" She looked up with a sweet  
smile, and said, "I feel greatly relieved; the  
distress of my mind has subsided, and I know not  
how it is, or why it is, that there is such a sur-  
prising change in my feelings." I replied, "bless  
God for the relief he affords you, my dear, and try  
to get some sleep." She turned her face to her  
pillow, and soon I perceived she was in a quiet  
sleep. She continued thus until morning, except  
when I interrupted her to give her something.—  
She awoke much refreshed and strengthened; her  
countenance too, had a different expression; it  
appeared placid and serene.

After she had taken some refreshment, she said,  
"Now dear mamma, I want to tell you something  
of my exercises the past night. When you en-  
joined silence upon me, I said to myself, how can  
anguish like mine, be silent? a question arose in  
my mind—to whom will you complain, or where  
is the creature who can afford you relief? I felt  
constrained to answer, alas, there is no relief for  
me; my dearest friends cannot relieve me; all  
created nature cannot help me. True, replied  
the speaker within, but there is a power above  
those—why then in this extremity do you not ap-  
ply to that power? I saw at that moment, that  
this power was vested in the Son of God, and that  
I must sink and perish forever, if he did not exert  
it for my deliverance. I was therefore compelled  
to lay hold of him without conditions or delay, as  
a drowning man lays hold upon the hand which is  
extended to save him from instant death. I found  
a surprising freedom to repeat and urge my peti-  
tions to this Almighty Saviour, to interpose for  
my deliverance, and extend that salvation to my  
perishing soul, which no other power could effect;  
and the more I prayed, the more my confidence in  
the Saviour of sinners, as my Saviour, increased.  
Indeed, (continued she) my burden had become  
unsupportable, and I fell under it. But do you  
think, dear mamma, I have fallen into the arms of  
that precious Saviour whom you love, and whom you  
have been so fervently supplicating in my behalf?"  
I told her I did indulge a hope, from the statement  
she made, that she had found her Saviour, and  
that she would enjoy still clearer views of his  
divine character, and have faith to believe the  
record God has given of his Son, as an all-suffi-  
cient Saviour, fully qualified to accomplish the  
great work he had undertaken, of making peace  
and reconciliation between the offended majesty  
of heaven and his rebellious subjects.

Your husband, my dear brother (continued  
your aunt), now came in and began a conver-  
sation with Lucinda, and my hopes were strength-  
ened respecting her, by what I heard. The dear  
good man helped us too, by his very appropriate,  
humble, fervent prayers, for which Lucinda  
thanked him with tears of gratitude and affec-  
tion. Her mind appeared to be abstracted from  
worldly interests, and wholly engaged by spiri-  
tual, deeply interesting views of the momentous  
concerns of eternity. She wished to hear much of  
the Saviour, of his person, character, offices, and  
what he had done and suffered for the redemp-  
tion of sinners. I read to her the 53d chapter of  
Isaiah, and many others, which treated of the  
Saviour; all of which she heard with deep interest,  
sometimes expressing an awful sense of the in-  
finite evil of sin, which required such a sacrifice  
to expiate the guilt contracted by the sinner. And  
at others the compassion, condescension and suf-  
ferings of the Saviour, appeared to dissolve her  
heart in contrition and love. Oh, she would cry,  
His love to sinners breaks my heart.

\* Ezekiel 36 chap. 26 verse.

Yes, I would lie and weep,  
And pour my soul in sorrow out,  
At my Redeemer's feet.

She would add, O, that I knew him to be my  
Redeemer. She complained of much remaining  
darkness, and of doubts respecting the possibility  
of her salvation. Oh, she would exclaim, "the  
grace, the mercy, which must be exhibited in my  
salvation, must be infinite. I cannot grasp the  
idea—it is too great to be comprehended by a  
finite mind." "She has, however," continued my  
sister, "been favoured with an unusual and de-  
lightful manifestation of the glory of the divine  
character this morning. I was below, attending  
to family affairs, a little after sunrise, when she  
sent for me. I found her sitting up in her bed,  
the curtains were removed, and the sun shone  
with unusual splendor through the windows of her  
chamber. When I entered she exclaimed, 'Oh  
my dear mother, I seem to be translated into a  
new world—a new state of existence. Every  
thing within and without has assumed a new ap-  
pearance. Never did the rising sun appear so  
beautiful. Surely the invisible things of God are  
manifested by the things which he has made, even  
his eternal power and Godhead. What an in-  
finite being must he be, who created this immense  
orb of light and heat—and how emblematical it  
is of its divine Creator, in communicating bless-  
ings innumerable. What a dismal region of  
darkness and death, would our world be, without  
this glorious luminary.'"

"Such my love," replied I, "is Christ the sun  
of righteousness, to the moral world. Our souls  
are the abodes of darkness and death, until they  
are illuminated by his celestial beams. Hence,  
that mighty change which is effected by the op-  
eration of his spirit, is often represented by light,  
and the subjects of this change are denominated  
children of the light and the day. Of the same  
import is this passage, 2 Cor. iv. 6. 'For God  
who commanded the light to shine out of darkness  
hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the  
knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Je-  
sus Christ.' "Oh, my dear mother, exclaimed  
Lucinda, "can you hope this new light I now ex-  
perience, is indeed an emanation from this glori-  
ous Sun of Righteousness?" My feelings were so  
much excited, I could scarcely speak. I how-  
ever replied, "Yes, my dear, I have a hope that  
your future experience may prove it to be such,  
and that your mind will be irradiated more and  
more, by clearer manifestations of the various re-  
lations he sustains, as your Creator, Redeemer,  
and Sanctifier." "Oh," returned she, "I earnestly  
pray that it may be so. But at present, I am, in  
my own apprehension, like one born blind, whose  
eyes are suddenly opened, and who is lost in won-  
der, at the variety and beauty of surrounding ob-  
jects, which, though his views are indistinct, he be-  
holds with ineffable delight." I observed, "the first  
dawn of the natural day gave very indistinct  
views of surrounding objects, but as the light in-  
creased, it helped us to discriminate and decide  
with accuracy. And thus it was in a moral sense,  
the light of divine truth progressively upon the  
mind, and was in scripture compared to the  
rising light which shineth more and more unto the  
perfect day."

Your aunt now heard her husband enquiring for  
her, (you know she is ever attentive to his call),  
she therefore went to him, desiring me to go to  
Lucinda's chamber. At my entrance I found her  
sitting up, with a Bible open before her. When  
she saw me she extended her hand to take mine,  
and after a gush of tears exclaimed, "Oh, my  
dear aunt, bless the Lord with me, and let us ex-  
ult in his name together. How wonderful it is, that  
I should live nineteen years in total ignorance of  
this infinitely glorious God!" "My dearest Lu-  
cinda," I replied, "I rejoice to hear you speak  
such language as this. But why does God ap-  
pear so glorious?" "Indeed my dear aunt, I can-  
not tell, cannot express one twelfth of those new  
ideas, which rush in quick succession on my mind.  
One moment I adore his creating power and wis-  
dom—then I am filled with wonder at his omni-  
presence and omniscience, as present in all places,  
and knowing all hearts. But O, continued she, his  
goodness in giving his Son to be made a sacrifice for  
the sins of his rebellious creatures; the condescen-  
sion, the infinite condescension, the love & compas-  
sion, the meekness, patience & humility of our in-  
carnate God!—Yes, God manifested in the flesh, for  
the redemption of a lost world! Oh! oh! she ex-  
claimed it is overwhelming—I have no language  
to express my feelings!" After a pause, she added,  
"And Oh, how wonderful the grace which  
gives me to behold a glimpse of this glory,—me,  
who so lately, in my own apprehension, was sink-  
ing in hopeless despair, expecting soon to take my  
final abode in the blackness of darkness forever."

"Truly, my dear Lucinda," returned I, "The  
Lord has done great things for you, whereof I am  
glad. May you long live to show forth his praise  
and render unto him according to his benefits."

I now enquired respecting her health. She in-  
formed me her fever was nearly gone, but she was  
very weak, could sit up but little, had now left  
her bed but a short time, and must soon return to  
it. I informed her that Mr. Ralston was sending  
on an eminent physician from —, to consult on  
her case with those who attended her; he had al-  
ready arrived in town, and was expected here soon.  
"Ah," she replied, "that dear friend is  
too solicitous for my life."

I informed her I had a letter for her from Mr.  
R. "Can you read it my dear?" "Oh yes," she  
replied. I broke the seal and gave it her. She  
perused it with a sweet smile, and I thought raised  
some petitions for her distressed lover. After she had  
perused it, she observed, "it distresses me to ob-  
serve the characteristics of an excessive attach-  
ment in this letter. He assures me the idea of a  
separation is insupportable, and should he ever  
realize it, his life would be of short continuance,  
or he would become insane. I have had (contin-  
ued she) similar apprehensions respecting myself,  
in view of a separation. But Oh, how different  
are my feelings now on this subject. Mr. Ralston  
is indeed inexpressibly dear, but with such  
views, such divine enjoyments, as I now experi-  
ence, I must be happy, though separated from him  
and every other friend on earth. And is not my  
experience the experience of all who have ob-  
tained a glimpse of uncreated glory and excellen-  
cy? How is it then my dear aunt," she inquired,  
"if Mr. R. has ever been favoured with similar  
views and enjoyments, that he feels so dependent  
on a poor frail mortal?" I replied, that such de-  
lightful views of divine things as she now enjoyed,  
were not the ordinary allowance of Christians.—  
That many in the whole course of their experi-  
ence, never realized such clear manifestations of  
divine glory as she was now favored with, and  
that others, who for a season rejoiced with joy in  
believing, unexpressed and full of glory, were li-  
able to experience a sad reverse: in consequence  
of remaining in sin they sometimes grieve the spirit  
of God. He therefore suspends or withdraws his  
divine consolations, and leaves them to prove by  
painful experience, that it is an evil and bitter  
thing to depart from God.

"Oh," exclaimed Lucinda, "is it possible I  
shall ever lose for a moment, the views I now  
have of the glories of the divine character, or the  
obligations I am under to adore and bless him  
every moment of my life, for the great deliverance  
he has granted me?" I answered, "Yes, my  
dear, from the knowledge I have of the strength  
and virulence of sin, even in those who have truly  
passed from death unto life, I do think it is."

"Then," returned she, "why should I wish to  
live? Indeed I should choose death, in preference  
to living to lose the sense I now have of my ob-  
ligations to my Saviour, and be guilty of the horrid  
ingratitude of sinning against infinite goodness." The  
physicians were now about to enter the cham-  
ber, and I returned home.

Your aunt and myself are distressed for poor  
Mr. R. He appears in his letter to me to be al-  
most frantic. He will not admit the promise ex-

orted by violence from Lucinda, to be binding at  
all, and insists on her leaving her father's house  
in a clandestine manner, as soon as her health  
will admit, and he will be near to receive and  
convey her to —. This she could not do  
without the knowledge and consent of her moth-  
er, which would exasperate her husband to such  
a degree, as to produce fearful consequences.—  
Could Mr. Ralston exercise Christian patience  
and submission, I have no doubt he would soon  
see a gracious interposition of providence in his  
favor. I hope he is a Christian, but he exhibits  
little of the spirit of the gospel at present. He is  
however, young and inexperienced, and his trials  
are severe—and alas, what a poor feeble creature  
is a Christian, when divine influences are with-  
drawn, and he is left to combat with the evils of  
his heart and the powers of darkness! His ex-  
cessive attachment to Lucinda, is a species of idola-  
try. God will not suffer his children to enjoy  
their idols, but will either embitter the possession  
of them, or take them away; hence I am apprehen-  
sive our dear Lucinda will be taken from him and  
from us.

We are anticipating much pleasure in a visit  
from you and your dear husband. Lucinda longs  
to see you, and thinks she shall now enjoy your so-  
ciety more than ever. I shall not write again be-  
cause (Providence permitting) I see you.

I shall now close this lengthy epistle, praying  
that the perusal of it may prove beneficial to  
yourself and husband, and that you may each be  
led to make a wise improvement of the dispen-  
sations of Providence, both as it respects your-  
selves and those dear to you. I shall not close  
this until I am informed what is the result of the  
consultation on Lucinda's case.

As ever, affectionately Yours,  
N. B. The physicians think it probable that  
Lucinda may be restored; but as her constitution  
has suffered so severely a shock, her recovery can-  
not be speedily effected. [To be continued.]

## OBITUARY.

Rev. Samuel Eaton, Harpswell, Me.—Died Nov.  
5, 1822.

Mericonese, the Indian name of this neck of  
land, so early as the year 1682, was granted by  
the government of Massachusetts to Harvard Col-  
lege. In 1750 it was set off as a district or parish  
of North Yarmouth. Several preachers had been  
employed in this parish, but none was ordained  
until 1753, when a church was formed, and the  
Rev. Elisha Eaton, who had been a minister in  
Bainbridge, now Quincy, was settled as its pastor,  
the first minister of Mericonese, which in about  
three years, in 1786, was incorporated as a town  
by the name of Harpswell. But the connexion  
between Mr. Eaton and the people of this town  
continued only about eleven years, for he died  
April 22, 1764. Although a cancer on his lip was  
the cause of his death, yet he continued to preach  
until within about three months of the time of his  
departure from life. He was graduated at Harvard  
College in 1729, and at his decease was 61 years of  
age.

Mr. Eaton was succeeded in the ministry by his  
son, your late pastor, who was ordained Oct. 24,  
1764, only six months after the death of his fa-  
ther. He had graduated at Harvard College the  
preceding year. Nearly three score years ago,  
the excellent man, who lies dead in that coffin,  
was established as the minister of Harpswell; and  
it is remarkable, that in the 86th year of his age  
he should still have been able to preach, that he  
should have preached to you two Sabbaths in the  
last month, and that he was prevented only by a  
storm, from preaching to you on the very Sabbath  
which completed the 58th year of his ministry.

He came among your fathers in the vigor of  
youth, and with all the energy of pious zeal; and  
the Spirit of God soon gave uncommon efficacy to  
his labors. The grand truths of religion made a  
deep impression on the hearts of his people. The  
gospel was preached with success, the church was  
increased in numbers, and the heart of the devoted  
servant of God was filled with joy. These were  
the most prosperous days of the church.

It is believed, that there has never been a set-  
tled minister in Maine, who has preached for so  
many years, and at such an advanced age, as the  
lamented servant of God before us, whose tongue  
is now made silent, whose warning, energetic  
voice will never again be heard in this house.

But the head, venerable with age, is not shielded  
from the arrows of death; and he, whose con-  
science is to day seen for the last time on earth,  
might have said with the patriarch, "few and  
evil have the days of the years of my life been."

Mr. Eaton was one of the early members of the  
Missionary Society in Maine, and after the two  
first years of its existence he was its president six  
years, from 1809 to 1815. He was also by the  
charter of 1794, one of the original Overseers of  
Bowdoin College, over whose interests he watch-  
ed with paternal solicitude for many years. In-  
deed it was owing in some degree to his exertions,  
that the location of the College was so well made  
in the pleasant and central town of Brunswick.

As a preacher, his powers of fancy enabled him  
to illustrate the subjects of his discourse, and to  
present them in a striking point of view. His ges-  
tures and manner were energetic and impressive  
even in old age. In prayer he on some occasions,  
possessed an almost unequal share of pathos and  
of elevated thought.

I need not speak of the great labors of Mr. Ea-  
ton, of his attention to your temporal welfare in  
the capacity of physician, of his services as a mis-  
sionary to the two eastern counties of this state  
in the years 1794 and 1797, of his readiness to  
preach the gospel in the neighboring towns, of the  
benefits of his wisdom in ecclesiastical councils.  
In this town he has preached between 6 and 7000  
sermons. For nearly forty years he preached  
15 Sabbaths a year on Sebago Island. At 6 or 7000  
different times he has warned the impenitent  
sinner of his imminent danger of perdition and  
exhorted him to turn unto God; or has un-  
folded the grace, and mercy, and love of Jesus  
Christ, and the wonders of the scheme of redem-  
ption, and invited men to believe in the Redeemer  
of sinners; or has exhorted Christians to make  
their calling and election sure;—has presented the  
grand truths of the gospel, or urged upon his  
hearers that "holiness without which no man  
shall see the Lord." And can all this instruction,  
and warning, and exhortation be in vain? No, my  
friends. But it will prove unto you "a savor of  
life unto life, or a savor of death unto death." If  
the truth does not make you free, it will prove  
the means of binding you more strongly to the  
everlasting chains of iniquity. The word of God  
will not return empty; but it will accomplish that  
for which it was sent. If you despise the message  
of the ambassador of Christ, you despise the word  
of God; and it will be more tolerable for Sodom  
and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for  
men who perish under the full light of the gospel.

The doctrine, inculcated by the venerable pas-  
tor of this church during his long life was not va-  
riable, but uniform and consistent. He early em-  
braced those truths, which humble the pride of  
man and exalt the grace of God; and these truths  
were ever dear to him. They were the founda-  
tion of his hope, as he went down to the grave.  
They supported and cheered him, as he drew near  
to the dark valley of the shadow of death.

I was with him, for a short time, a few days ago,  
when he could hardly be roused to attend to any  
inquiries and remarks, and with difficulty could  
speak; yet he then assigned as the reason of his  
weakness, "the precious blood of Christ." These  
were the words which he uttered. He said also,  
"He is all my salvation and all my desire."

He spoke also of the precious golden chain of  
divine promises and communications presented in  
these words.—"We know that all things work  
together for good to them, who are the called ac-  
cording to his purpose. For whom he did fore-  
know he also did predestinate to be conformed to  
the image of his son, that he might be the first born

among many brethren. Moreover, whom he did  
predestinate, them he also called; and whom he  
called them he also justified; and whom he justifi-  
ed them he also glorified."

Yes, my friends; and we have reason to believe  
that he has gone to inherit that Glory, which is  
found at the end of the chain, in heaven!  
"Having served his own generation by the will  
of God," we have reason to believe, that he now  
"sleeps in Jesus." His end was peaceful and  
happy, illustrating his own remarks in the  
following words of the only sermon, which he  
ever allowed to be printed.—"While just re-  
flections on a life unprofitably wasted away, or  
prostituted to the service of sin, will arm death  
with tremendous terrors to the wicked, and give a  
dreadful anticipation of the endless miseries of hell;  
a review of our past life, faithfully devoted to the  
service of God and our generation, will render it  
but a gentle falling to sleep, having been lived  
with the labors of life."—And happy must the  
sleep of the body be, which introduces the soul into  
the immediate presence of the King of glory!"  
[President Allen's Sermon.]

Winchell's Watts—the Improved Hymn Book.  
JAMES LORING, No. 2, and LINCOLN &  
EDMONDS, No. 53, Cornhill, Boston.

Have recently published, The Sixth Edition of  
Winchell's Watts, being an Arrangement of all  
the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts, with a  
SUPPLEMENT of more than 300 additional Hymns.  
In the course of four years, about thirty-  
four thousand copies of this valuable work have  
been printed. It is introduced into all the  
Baptist Churches in Boston and the vicinity; into  
numerous churches through New England, New  
York, and the Middle and Southern States; and  
it is believed will be very generally used.

To accommodate the numerous patrons of  
the work, it is printed in various sizes, and may  
now be obtained in 24 mo. at 75 cents and one  
dollar; 12 mo. in two columns, 75 cents and one  
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ornament, 1.25; 32 mo. beautiful nonpareil type,  
for the pocket, 1 dollar; 12 mo. large size, open type  
for the aged and for the pulpit, with an elegant  
likeness of Mr. Winchell, 2.25. Every 8th copy  
gratis, or one sixth discount by the dozen; and on  
cash purchases of one hundred at a time, a dis-  
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the retail prices.

Some copies of the pocket edition are  
beautifully bound in calf and morocco, in the form  
of a pocket book, for the convenience of min-  
isters in travelling. Price 2 dollars.

Associations and ministers have extensively  
recommended the work. The following was  
lately received from the pastor of the Baptist  
Church in Salem,

Salem, March 28, 1822.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmonds,  
Gentlemen,—I am gratified to learn that soon  
the sixth edition of Winchell's Arrangement of  
Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns, is called for. I have  
neglected to express my opinion of this work, all  
experience enables me to speak with much con-  
fidence. It was early introduced into my Society,  
and so great was the satisfaction in the use of it,  
that about two hundred copies were purchased  
in a very few months. It combines whatever is  
excellent in sentiment, with all that is adapted to  
convenience and effect.

The SUPPLEMENT, which was so much needed,  
is selected from the best authors, and contains  
their happiest productions. To a minister, the  
work is of great worth, and to the private christian  
its value will be more fully disclosed, the larger  
he is acquainted with it. L. BOLLES.

LEE'S SPELLING BOOK.—2d Edition.

MUNROE & FRANCIS have just completed  
the second edition of Lee's popular Spelling  
Book, and can supply them wholesale and retail.  
—In the advertisement of the first edition published  
in the Recorder, (which edition was sold in a  
short time) were annexed a host of recom-  
mendations given to the work. In addition, the  
publishers beg leave to give the following.

From Rev. Noah Worcester, D. D.  
At the request of Thomas J. Lee, Esq. I have,  
with much pleasure, examined the Spelling Book  
compiled by him. It is, in my opinion, an excel-  
lent work, judiciously planned—well executed—  
happily adapted for the use of schools, and worthy  
of extensive patronage. NOAH WORCESTER.  
Brighton, Sept. 1822.

From the President of the Collegiate Institution,  
Amherst, March 30, 1823.

I have examined a Spelling Book, containing  
the Rudiments of the English Language, with ap-  
propriate Reading Lessons, by Thomas J. Lee, Esq.  
The selection and arrangement of the materials of  
which it consists, I think judicious. The chapters  
of words and reading lessons are